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A GENTLEMAN MAY FORGET HIS APPOINTMENTS
AND HIS LOVE VOWS; HE MAY BE LATE FOR
DINNER AND FORGET THE DANCES HE ENGAGED
FOR; HE MAY BE SLOW ON HIS CLUB BILL AND
FORGET HIS TAILOR, AND HE MAY BE A GENTLE-
MAN STILL; BUT THERE ARE TWO THINGS HE
MUST NEVER FORGET, FOR NO GENTLEMAN
EVER DOES — AND THEY ARE TO PAY A DEBT
THAT IS A DEBT OF HONOR, AND TO KEEP A
PROMISE THAT HE CANNOT BE FORCED TO KEEP.

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LETTERS TO MY SON

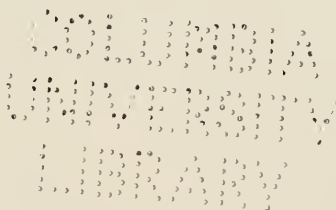
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LETTERS TO MY SON

By WILLIAM GIBSON



VOLUME II



CLEVELAND
THE CAXTON COMPANY
MCMXVII

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LETTER XXI

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R.—1896

ON taking up my new duties in Baltimore I promptly realized that it was my first duty to get in touch with the employees, and for that reason willingly accepted the invitation of a joint committee of the different organizations to address a meeting of the men and their families under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association. I spoke as follows:

Ladies and Gentlemen:

When you asked me to come here and meet you, I felt somewhat at a loss as to what it would be best to say to you.

I am a stranger among you but I come in a spirit of good will. My first impulse is to offer all of you, in the spirit at least, the right hand of fellowship. I want to tell you that I am glad to meet you. It is well that we should understand each other. I have been taught that the history of the world is influenced by the stimulus to human thoughts and deeds due to this get-together instinct.

It has been said that if three men are digging a cellar, four others will stand on the edge of the excavation and point out to one another wherein the three are going wrong, but that does not help the men in the cellar. So I suppose when a bunch of men get together in the round-house they tell each other in

confidence what the Receivers ought to do, and how they ought to do it. And such is human nature; that bunch of men have a right to talk. But if you happen, let us say, to have something to offer that you think is of practical value—that you think will help the movement of trains over the road, and thereby ease both your task and my own, I cordially offer you at any and all times a ready and patient hearing. I had occasion to meet several of our firemen the other day. They were what you call a committee. In the conversation one of them remarked, that in his opinion there was as loyal and as good a set of men on the *Baltimore and Ohio Road* as there was on any other road in the United States; and I want to tell you that not only do I fully agree with him, but I admire the young man's spirit.

With the right feeling—with the manifestation of such a spirit I can assure you that a great deal which might seem difficult will become perfectly easy. The spirit of which I speak comprehends a desire on the part of all concerned to deal justly and fairly and honestly one with the other. God speed the day when every railroad shall be permeated and governed by such a spirit. There can be no compromise between right and wrong. Wrong is wrong and right is eternally right, today, tomorrow and forever.

We hear a good deal about good luck and bad luck in railroad service and there may or there may not be such things; but my observation over a long period has led me to believe that good luck has an astonishingly intelligent way of running in favor of the man who takes an earnest and intelligent interest in his work—the man who is on his job all the time from the moment his run or his trick begins until it is finished. To use one of our western expressions I never knew a lucky "pay day" man. I never knew a lucky chronic kicker.

I regard every employee of this great corporation as a partner in toil. It matters not to me whether he handles a telegraph key, a pen, an oil can, a ticket punch or a coal scoop. We have all a common interest and we are working to a common end. Let us, therefore, pull along together.

I am glad to see the ladies here this evening. I am glad to meet the ladies, God bless them all. Life has taught me that it is the women of a country in whose hands its destiny reposes. No cause that is not great enough to command their devotion, and pure enough to deserve their sympathy, can ever wholly triumph.

The Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has been a leaven to the great body of railroad men. Its influence has been far reaching and always for good. It has earned the gratitude, not of the railroad employee alone, but of the railroad official. It has stood for nearly two generations as a counter attraction to the street corner and the saloon. Is the young man who puts in his spare time playing pool in a saloon around the corner, or the one who seeks the comfort and quiet of a Y. M. C. A. reading room, the more likely to turn out the better railroad man; which is the more likely to be out of debt; which is the more likely to have opposite his name in the trainmaster's books, "record clear;" which, when he is promoted, is likely to develop into the better engineer, train dispatcher, or conductor? That is a very simple question. That is a physical and a business proposition, not a religious one.

The Y. M. C. A., I have believed, has been the means of drawing the railroad manager and his men more closely together. Its influence has operated in the direction of a better understanding between them, and any agency which tends to create and cultivate a spirit of mutual respect and consideration between the railroad official and the railroad employee must

command the respect and ought to receive the hearty support of both. It becomes a factor in our daily life—it becomes a part of ourselves and appeals to our better nature. I respect your absolute non-sectarianism. We believe that it is a good and becoming thing for brethren to dwell together in unity. For these reasons I have always had the greatest sympathy with the work of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association—for these reasons I stand by you today.

But why should the Young Men's Christian Association not be a success? Ask yourselves what are its principles, and on what is it founded? It stands on the broad and universal foundation of Christian charity and brotherly love. That is the secret of its success. George Williams, the father of the movement, builded better than he knew. These principles, my friends, will stand firm as the Rock of Ages. After you and I are gone, they will pass on from generation to generation. Monarchies may be shaken and fall; republics may totter and crumble into ashes; Creeds may be overthrown and perish, but the example and the teaching of the Master shall endure forever.

As you make your way through life you will doubtless find, as I have found, that it is always conclusive evidence of a man's sincerity that he gives himself for a principle. Words, money and all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when any man makes a gift of his daily life and practice it is plain that the truth, whatever it may be, has fully taken possession of him. No man is living a life worth living, unless he is willing to die for somebody or some thing—at least to die a little. Let us, therefore, pledge ourselves anew to support and strengthen and uphold the hands of the earnest and unselfish men who devote their lives to this work. Let us all with one accord, say to them "God speed."

* * * *



HON. JOHN K. COWEN

In June of the following year an article appeared in the Baltimore papers based on an interview given by Judge John K. Cowen, from which the following is extracted:

"The receivers of the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad* have practically decided to divide the management of the transportation of the main line and branches of the system into two parts, the same as has already been done in the management of the freight and passenger departments.

Beginning on Wednesday next, Assistant General Superintendent William Gibson, now located at Camden Station, will be transferred to Pittsburgh as the representative of those managing the line. He will be clothed with extensive authority, and while he goes there ostensibly as assistant general superintendent, it is understood that it will be but a short time before he will be made general superintendent of the Wheeling and Pittsburgh Divisions, The Junction R. R. and the Pittsburgh Terminals.

A few officials have recently been stationed in Pittsburgh for the management of the lines west of that city. This move, it is said by those in authority, is made for the purpose of bringing the *Baltimore and Ohio* still closer to its patrons, believing it will result beneficially to the company.

Receivers Cowen and Murray realize that Pittsburgh is very important to the *Baltimore and Ohio*, and during the time they have had charge of the road they have paid a great amount of attention to that city. Aside from spending a million dollars in improving the terminals, they have endeavored by large increases in equipment to give the shippers and manufacturers every possible facility for the transaction of business, and the patrons have noticed quite an improvement in the service.

The receivers could not have made a better selection for the new position at Pittsburgh. Mr. Gibson is a railroad man of experience, possessing great ability, and is a faithful and energetic worker. He is a man of education and address, and is pleasant and agreeable in disposition."

* * * *

This was my formal and public introduction to Pittsburgh, although for a year previously, as assistant general superintendent, I had been practically in charge of the territory, my old friend and associate FitzGerald and I having mutually agreed to so divide our activities before the change was officially made, and this is a good opportunity to record that both in sunshine and storm (the latter being in the majority) FitzGerald and I always worked in the closest harmony, and I believe that he fully reciprocated the respect and esteem in which I held him.

Just before this newspaper announcement appeared I was bidden by Mr. Murray to dinner, Mr. Cowen, Mr. James Sloane, chairman of the finance committee, Mr. Wm. Greene and Mr. W. L. Andrews being of the party. After dinner the question of the weak position of the *Baltimore & Ohio Road* in Pittsburgh became the subject of conversation, and Mr. Murray looking at me said:

“Bill, we have decided to send you to Pittsburgh. You are running that end of the road now as between you and FitzGerald, and our plan is to formally divide the territory and revive the office of general superintendent there. But that is only incidental. We want you, in addition to your other duties, to represent the receivers in Pittsburgh.”

I said, “All right, sir. I am ready for anything you ask me to do and the first half of the commission is easy enough, but I don’t quite grasp the scope of the second part.”

Mr. Murray then said, “Never mind the scope, what we want you to do is to go out there and represent

us—to be the *Baltimore and Ohio R. R.*, and we want results, and we will rely on your good judgment.”

I started to say something more, when Mr. Murray interrupted. He said:

“Bill, if you were out in the middle of the Ohio River in a small rowboat and the boat went down what would you do?”

I said, “I would do one of the best jobs of swimming you ever saw.”

“Then,” said he, “go to Pittsburgh and swim or drown.”

I went, and I am not in Davy Jones’ locker even yet.

I do not clearly recall what Mr. Cowen said on that occasion, but Mr. Sloane, a man of strong personality and few words, said:

“Gibson, we want a gentleman out there. We’ve had too many people on that property going around with their pants in their boots. And the earnings of the Pittsburgh Division should be doubled. We will furnish the equipment.”

While no circular was issued regarding this latter part of my commission, I have always believed that Mr. Murray smoothed the way, and I lost no time in immediately establishing friendly relations with Mr. McCrea, Colonel Schoonmaker, and Robert Pitcairn, representing the “enemy.” I had known all of these gentlemen for years and they always accorded me the utmost courtesy both officially and personally.

My old friend Pitcairn said that I “had the audacity to try to be a second ‘R. P.’ ” That, of course, was an

impossibility. There was only one "R. P." and there never was and there never will be another. He was the *Pennsylvania R. R.* in Pittsburgh, and had spent his life in the service. He succeeded Mr. Andrew Carnegie as superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division when Mr. Carnegie abandoned railroad life to become a manufacturer, and at the time of his retirement it was said that he was the oldest superintendent in point of continuous service on the same division in the country.

Mr. Pitcairn had a habit—a very bad habit—an affectation of not recognizing people and he played no favorites. I got a few touches of it. It came to pass that "R. P." gave a reception at the Duquesne Club for Mr. Frank Thompson, when the latter succeeded to the presidency of the *Pennsylvania R. R.* after the death of Mr. G. B. Roberts. I happened to be in the general hall in conversation with Mr. G. L. Peck, then general superintendent* of the lines West at Columbus, Ohio, and other friends, when "R. P.," radiant in a red carnation and glad apparel, came along. Peck said to "R. P.," as he condescended to stop for an instant, "You know Mr. Gibson, of course." "R. P." said, "Gibson, Gibson, let me see, haven't we met before?" I promptly said, "I'm sure I haven't the slightest recollection of it."

And "R. P." never forgot me again.

"R. P." was also the superintendent of a Sunday School. They had a custom of forming the children into line and marching them along the aisle, "R. P." in front, singing a hymn. One Sunday "Hold the

*Now Vice President.

Fort" was the selection. The ludicrous nature of the performance which struck an onlooker at the second stanza—

"See the mighty host advancing
Satan leading on — — —"

can be better imagined than described.

"R. P." said to me one day "Wullie (his favorite name for me) "when a man comes into your office do you look him in the eye and get up and give him the glad hand?"

I said, "Yes, of course, don't you?"

He said, "Oh, yes I do, but *I always look for the knife in his other hand!*"

I thought this very funny at the time, but don't you pass it off without consideration. That old gentleman was no ordinary philosopher.

It would be impossible to describe or quote "R. P." on Mr. Carnegie, or the latter on "R. P." They were different of course, but they were also both quite different from anyone else. Both Scotch, they represented two extremes of Scottish character. Mr. Carnegie has a positive mania for giving away money. Well, "R. P."—but who of our dozens of great Pittsburgh millionaires ever gave a dollar worth speaking about to charity or for the uplift of humanity, except Mr. Carnegie? Yet one hears so much criticism in Pittsburgh of Mr. Carnegie's gifts, but happily not as a rule from people of knowledge.

* * * *

We established very pleasant relations with the *Pennsylvania R. R.* Very pleasant! We lay down together like the lion and the lamb, we being the latter,

and one bright summer morning the lamb woke up, but it was *inside of the lion*.

* * * *

The *B. & O.* prior to the receivership had been passing through many vicissitudes but that is no part of this record, except for the fact that the very name *B. & O.* had become a byword and the subject even of vaudeville stage ridicule.

Mr. D. B. Martin, manager of passenger traffic, very properly felt that the joke was being carried too far. It came to pass that Lew Dockstader with his bunch of minstrels, and in that respect they were old and hardened offenders, blew into Baltimore. Martin promptly called on Dockstader and said that it was only fair that this *B. & O.* stuff should be cut out, the property was holding up its head and rapidly getting on its feet, and as between old friends he felt that it was a personal matter. Lew looked Martin over and said: "Dave, you beat me to it. We have a new joke, and I want you and your party to come to the theatre tonight and hear it. I am sending you a box."

Martin showed up accompanied by a few of his faithful lieutenants, Will Lowes and others, and waited expectantly. Finally the end man said: "Mr. Bones, when you goes to New York how does you travel?"

"Why I goes by de *B. & O.*—de very wo-, wo-, wust way."

At that instant the semi-circle of minstrels yelled with one voice "chestnuts," and appeared to fall dead. They slowly revived one by one, each saying "chestnuts," the house in the meantime in silence. By the time the last "corpse" got straightened up the audience

had found itself, and they broke into an outburst of genuine applause, and that ghastly *B. & O.* joke was scotched for evermore, and it is now buried deeper than the lost continent of Atlantis.

* * * *

The *B. & O.* legal department in Pittsburgh was represented by the law firm of Watson* and McCleave. Johns McCleave was a character. He may not have been the most polished person on earth, but of him Mr. Cowen said that he never knew a man endowed with a clearer legal mind.

I had arranged with the City Council for the passage of an ordinance giving the railroad the perpetual use of certain wharf property, and went to McCleave and asked him to draw the papers so that the terms which had been verbally agreed to, could be finally passed on by the ordinance committee beforehand, and thus leave to them the navigation of the measure before the joint councilmanic bodies. He stared at me—"That's the blankety blankest nonsense ever hear of. It can't be done." This led to some rather warm argument pro and con. Finally I said, "But it is done; it's O. K. and complete. I don't want *legal* advice; if I did I would *go to a lawyer*. All I want you to do is draw the papers, or tell Anderson (his clerk) to do it." This was too much and he laughed outright. I think he enjoyed the harpoon. Anyhow he repeated the story.

After "order had been restored," he said, "Have you told Judge Cowen about this?"

"Yes, of course," I said, "he asked me to do it, if it could be done, and it is done."

And it was done.

* Mr. Watson was counsel for the United States before the Alaskan Boundary Commission.

LETTERS TO MY SON

This incident serves to illustrate one of the great difficulties I had to contend with in Pittsburgh, and which the issue of an official circular would have prevented. Mr. McCleave probably did not understand what on earth I had to do with city ordinances. Anyhow we were the best of friends and our friendship continued to the time of his death, years after I had retired from the railroad.

The following letter has reference to the incident:

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE
BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD COMPANY
BALTIMORE, MD.

JOHN K. COWEN

OSCAR G. MURRAY, Receivers at New York, Sept. 29th, 1898.
WILLIAM GIBSON, Esq.,

My dear Sir: I am just in receipt of yours of the 27th to General Manager Greene, and am glad to see you have been successful in getting the necessary action by Council. This is a most excellent thing, and I congratulate you upon the manner in which it was handled.

Yours very truly,

JOHN K. COWEN

LETTER XXII

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

(Continued)

THE Receivers bought from the Carnegie Steel Company a large order of rail for much needed renewals, and \$16.00 the ton was for the moment the price and it was quickly taken advantage of. Receivers' certificates were tendered in settlement but the Carnegie people backed up. Mr. A. R. Peacock, first vice president of the steel company, accordingly went to Baltimore and explained to Mr. Cowen that they were acting on the ruling of Knox and Reed (Mr. Philander C. Knox was afterwards United States Senator, Attorney General of the United States, and Secretary of State) their counsel, in declining to accept the certificates.

Mr. Cowen then asked, "What would Judge Reed accept?"

Peacock said it was difficult for him to say just what would meet his approval from a legal standpoint, but he believed that no objection could be offered to cash!

It was arranged within an hour or two, and this is related to show the confidence which Mr. Cowen and Mr. Murray had inspired, and the vitality they injected into the property. Mr. Peacock left for Pittsburgh that night with New York Exchange. Few railroad

men ever equalled Mr. Murray in the power to inspire other men—to carry them with him. As some one has expressed it, he could think in headlines. He grasped the Pittsburgh situation as Mr. Cowen did, and they had faith in the future and together they breathed the breath of life into the old *B. & O.*

* * * *

There was another Carnegie Steel Company incident which belongs to that period. The steel company announced with a flourish of trumpets that they were going into the steel car building business, and that appropriations had been made and plans prepared and so forth. Of course everybody believed the report, just as Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan believed a few years later they were going to put a tube mill at Conneaut, because they were amply able to do so.

Mr. Peacock spoke to me about the new car works, and with special reference to a large freight equipment order which it was understood the railroad was about to place. I said that I would be glad to see him get the business, and if some good reason could be offered I would be willing to present the case to the Receivers. The steel company at the time were constructing a bridge at Port Perry connecting the Edgar Thompson and Bessemer works with Homestead and Duquesne, and I suggested that if an arrangement could be made under which the *B. & O.* would participate, on the completion of the bridge, in the traffic of Homestead and Duquesne, the Receivers might reciprocate. The upshot was a meeting between Mr. Frick and Mr. Murray and the question of new cars on the one side and traffic on the other was mutually and satisfactorily agreed to.



MR. OSCAR G. MURRAY

But there is a sequel to this story and Peacock smiles over it to this day. The steel company took the car order and in the meantime negotiated a ten-year contract for steel plates with the Schoen Pressed Steel Car Co. and, of course, the proposed plan for a new car plant then dropped out of sight. The traffic agreement on the completion of the bridge, however, was faithfully carried out.

* * * *

The story is told that when Mr. Carnegie was selecting his "young partners," he sent for Mr. Peacock and said to him:

"Peacock, what would you give to be a millionaire?"

"Mr. Carnegie, I would give a *liberal discount for cash!*"

* * * *

During this period it occurred to certain men well known in the financial world, that Mr. Carnegie was getting along in years, and that they could make a good turn by buying out his controlling interest in the Carnegie Steel Co. Accordingly they journeyed to Scotland and asked for a time option on his holdings which was given, the consideration being one million one hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash.

They promptly returned to New York and started to float the new corporation but it didn't float. It dragged; and in the course of human events the option expired. Nothing doing. The promoters then went to Mr. Carnegie and delicately intimated that as they had been unsuccessful in their plans, *the hand money might be refunded.*

"Why, gentlemen," said the old man, "it's unfortunate that you didn't mention this to me sooner.

I've spent all of that money—on Skibo Castle and—on libraries!"

* * * *

There is another story which was current although I am very far from vouching for its truth, or for that matter for the truth of the foregoing, although I am repeating the stories on excellent authority. Mr. Carnegie and Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan happened to go to Europe on the same boat after the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, I think on our old friend the *Baltic* which was a favorite boat of Mr. Carnegie's, and her then commanding officer, poor Smith who went down with the *Titanic*, was also a favorite of his. During the voyage the conversation happened to turn on the formation of the steel corporation and the gathering together of its constituent parts, when Mr. Carnegie remarked:

"Do you know, Morgan, some of my young partners think I threw away the Carnegie Steel Company when I sold out to you. They think you ought to have paid at least a *hundred million dollars more for it*."

"Well," said Morgan," all that was necessary would have been for you to ask for it. I would have promptly paid the price!"

* * * *

At this time I had a colored man, John Diggs, and a very good servant he was, but he had the failing of wanting to "lay off" too frequently and his invariable excuse was the death of a relative. One day he asked to be absent to go and bury an uncle.

I said, "An uncle! this must be the third or fourth uncle you've buried. How many uncles had you?"

“Deed sah, they was a big family. I had *eighteen head of uncle*.”

I then asked what this one had to die of so soon after the others.

John unblushingly replied, “Deed, Ah don’t know as Ah’ve not got that word yet, but Ah think it was from the *perplexity of the brain*.”

We had another servant at that period and he was a devoted friend of yours—Langdon—and there never was a better until he fell in love with the cook. Langdon was a funny Irishman. I asked him about something and was not quite satisfied with his reply.

I said, “Are you perfectly sure?”

“Perfectly, sor, I would bet *your* life, sor.”

* * * *

General W. H. Koontz, of Somerset County, was the company counsel for Western Pennsylvania. He was an odd genius with a never-ending fund of reminiscence. He represented his district in Congress during the Lincoln administration and was on intimate terms with the President. One of his stories was of the witty reply of an old lawyer friend of his to a judge who had rendered a very poor decision in a cause in which the lawyer was engaged. After the decision was given the lawyer slowly arose as if to address the Court. The judge sternly said: “Take your seat Mr. Blank; you have practiced at this bar long enough to know that when this Court renders a decision, its wisdom can only be called in question by a higher Court.”

The lawyer replied: “If your honor please I would not presume to impugn the wisdom of your honor’s

decision. My only design was to read a few lines from this book in my hand, in order that your honor might *perceive how profoundly ignorant Sir William Blackstone was upon this subject.*"

I cannot possibly repeat here many of the General's odd Lincoln stories but I have told them to you—the story of the inquisitive lady visitor to a military hospital and the wounded soldier; the grievance committee of Homeopathic doctors who appealed to Mr. Lincoln after being turned down by the Secretary of War, etc., etc.

* * * *

One of my particular friends on the *B. & O. R. R.* was Major H. D. Bulkley, the comptroller. It might not be quite respectful to say that he was a rather pompous old gentleman, but, pompous or not, he was a gentleman and, I believe, a most accomplished accountant, even if somewhat of an egotist.

The major had a son Harry, who was not altogether devoid of some of what have been referred to as the frailties of youth. Harry was not so far above suspicion as Caesar's wife is reported to have been. He did not quite see why he should work all the time. He did not hold on to any one job as tenaciously as his father thought he ought to. He, truth to tell, was more or less of an anxiety to the old gentleman with whom I sympathized from the depths of my heart.

One day the major came into my room and carefully closed the door behind him. Jack Andrews who was with me started to go, but the major interposed. He said, "Billy I want to talk to you about my boy Harry, and Jack here knows him. I want to get him placed outside of the *B. & O.* and I want you to help me."

I assured the major with all sincerity that I would only be too glad to help. He then went on to say with all the affection of a good father for an erring son, and my heart bled for him: "Harry is a good boy, even if he has occasionally been a little foolish. He has had unusual advantages; he has had the advantage of inheriting *my great natural ability!*"

"I reckon," said Nick of the Woods on occasion, "I am the best man mentally and physically, bar George Washington and Julius Caesar, that ever lived." I doubt if my old friend would have conceded even these unimportant exceptions.

* * * *

During a long period of years a habit of mind had grown and become engrained in *Baltimore and Ohio* people—and I use the word people in its widest sense so that it may not be supposed that reference is had merely to the lower grades of employees—that no matter what happened in the way of a slight mishap or serious accident everybody concerned must be "in the clear." If such a thing happened as the "track spreading"—and only an indulgent Providence in those days kept down the number of cases—the maintenance of way finding was always "due to excessive speed." If a rear-end collision occurred the superintendent believed that it was due to the leading train having been flagged on account of a broken rail, and so on. And the men were not slow to catch on. They never are. This habit received a jolt and it was one of the most valuable jolts ever shot into the officials of the *B. & O. R. R.*

When Mr. Willard first came to the road as assistant general manager I was stationed at Pittsburgh. The density of traffic was possibly a trifle heavier in this territory than on the road he had just left, and it was then beyond the capacity of existing facilities and was rapidly growing. I was very urgent in my suggestions for improvements, and perhaps both to Mr. Underwood, our chief, and to him, they appeared needlessly extravagant and, perhaps, there were also questions of providing the money of which I had no knowledge. Be all that as it may, with Mr. Willard's concurrence, I had estimates and plans made embodying the most pressing of my suggestions. Such an addition as double-tracking the eastern slope I only spoke about with bated breath, not even daring to put the figures on paper. Time went along and there was no abatement of the business offering and the inevitable happened—we got into worse shape all the time. Finally Mr. Underwood wired me to come to Baltimore.

He said, "That railroad of yours is in very bad shape."

I said, "Yes sir, it is, and it is getting worse just as I have kept on saying it would, unless we got some relief. I have spoken to you about it and to Mr. Willard, and I have gone over the main features of the situation time and time again."

He immediately called a clerk and sent for Mr. Willard, who quickly responded.

Mr. Underwood said, "I have been speaking to Gibson about that railroad of his, and—"



MR. DANIEL WILLARD

Mr. Willard here interrupted. He said: "I know all about it, but it's not up to Gibson; it's up to me. He has spoken to me about this situation time and again, and not only so, I have figures and estimates from him in my office now. He has been right and I don't think he has asked for enough."

Mr. Underwood then said: "Well, I guess it's up to me. Now get busy."

I have not lived my life with eyes shut and have never indulged in any mole-eyed philosophy which blinks at the daylight; but if ever a manly and noble soul responded to a situation and stood up to it, Daniel Willard did on that morning, and I hope you will remember it, and that it will always be a lesson to you to take responsibility when it is yours and to be straightforward. Of course nobody is willing to admit his own shortcomings. That is human nature. It is always the other fellow's fault. To admit that we are wrong is the hardest thing in the world because so many people are wrong. It is the easiest thing for the broad-minded because they are usually right. But the broad-minded are in the minority.

There are no secrets on railroads, strange to say, and no matter how closed the doors the "roundhouse" is talking before you can say Jack Robinson. How that happens I cannot tell any more than I can tell how the signal for the Indian Mutiny was spread so that simultaneous outbreaks occurred at points hundreds and hundreds of miles apart, as if long distance telephones had been available. Anyhow the bare idea that any officer would voluntarily accept responsibility for a most serious situation which he could just as

easily shoulder off leaked out, and I believe it marked the dawn of a new era on the *Baltimore and Ohio Road*. The seed may have fallen on ground which was stony. But it was not lost. Unfortunately Mr. Willard left the road soon afterward. The lesson sank in nevertheless.

Mr. Willard's return to the road as president, a number of years later, had a moral effect which was electrical. Everybody understood that a new umpire had said "Play ball," and should there peradventure be anyone of official status on the property who has not yet got this simple truth fixed in his mind he is living in a fool's paradise. The habit of gossip and petty politics and intrigue has been a festering curse on the grand old *B. & O. R. R.*, and if Mr. Willard's forceful and clear-cut personality cleans, or even partially cleans up that Augean stable and purifies that atmosphere, he will deserve a wreath of laurel, and every officer and employee and every stockholder, great and small, will owe him a debt of personal gratitude.

* * * *

John K. Cowen died in 1904. His name lingers in my memory with the freshness of Spring. His gentleness, his modesty, his scholarship, his keen sense of humor made him beloved of men. Of him it could be said that he was one of nature's noblemen and of great goodness. If ever there was a kind and generous and pure heart beating—if ever there was an inner nature unspotted by the world, it was his.

When one attempts to describe the charm of a certain person it is something almost impossible. Graciousness of manner, lack of self-consciousness or

effort, a considerateness and thoughtfulness for others in every word and action are not easy to describe. They were characteristic of Mr. Cowen. He was a polished public speaker, brimful of quotation and ready illustration; he was charming in conversation and possessed of an inexhaustible fund of anecdote. He drew on it "at sight" as you would draw on the *Britannica*. He never repeated himself and never spoke without saying something. His quotations, whether in private conversation or in public address, were always timely. His knowledge of books and history was astonishing. There was little in either ancient or modern literature with which he was not familiar. He knew his Bible, his Shakespeare and his Burns as though he had written them.

He held, and this is something I have pointed out to you many times, that any quotation or anecdote, no matter how clever, is *de trop*—is thrown away unless it is apt—unless it applies to and illuminates the point immediately under discussion. And no matter how good the joke, if it is not told in a manner to strike the humor chord it falls of its own dead weight and furnishes us with one of the saddest sights in life. Humor is in everything and in everybody, and it is anything that is funny. Extracted humor is followed by laughter for it is by striking the responsive humor chord in the human breast that we get the true effects. Never apologize for a joke. Get it well in mind and then put it away entirely until the psychological moment. Nothing so interferes with the success of a joke as to have the point hanging around in plain sight before the story is well started.

Remember not to reveal the fact if you have heard before a story that another has begun; don't embarrass the one telling it by apprising by word or manner that it is not fresh to you. If others are impolite enough to interrupt a speaker, or the conversation is turned through an interruption, make it your part, in the role of a perfect listener, to venture a remark that will unobtrusively lead back and set the broken-off conversation afloat again and put the original speaker at his ease. It is the highest art to be a good listener. Just as a public speaker or an actor feels the sympathy of his audience and is at his best according to the degree of it, so in conversation an attentive listener is vastly appreciated and a pleasure to meet.

The good storyteller above all things is unaffected and direct. Remember that the face should be solemn and the voice low and well-modulated with just a suspicion of sadness in it. Consider the man or men to whom you are speaking. Shakespeare says, "A jest's prosperity lies in the ear that hears it, never in the tongue of him that makes it." Learn to pause at the right place, and if you are in doubt at all, the best place to pause is just before you start.

* * * *

When I was general superintendent at Pittsburgh, during the Receivership, we got into a mild squabble with the City of Connellsville regarding the abolition of a dangerous grade crossing. A then existing bridge spanning the River Yough connecting Connellsville and New Haven was on the same level as our tracks, and consequently people and traffic had to cross them to get on the bridge. By right of age and service and increasing

traffic it was due for renewal, and I approached the authorities with the suggestion that the plans for the new structure should provide for an elevated approach on the Connellsville side, thus carrying it over our tracks, and so dispose of a great danger to the public and a constant cause of annoyance to us. They readily assented, but insisted that the railway company should assume the additional cost involved, which was another question. After a good deal of discussion pro and con they finally agreed to accept a contribution of \$10,000.00, and I recommended to the Receivers that it would be much better policy to pay the amount than get into a lawsuit with the town which was a most important division point. It was agreed that the question should be brought up on the next inspection trip, then pending, and decided. The whole party, when on the ground, saw the advisability, the necessity in fact, of getting rid of such a dangerous grade crossing and favored the contribution of \$10,000.00.

After some conversation Mr. Cowen turned to me and said, "Suppose you offered them \$5,000.00, what do you think they would say?"

I said, "Mr. Cowen, do you remember when the English soldiers called on the Old French Guard to surrender at the battle of Waterloo, what the Frenchmen said?"

He exploded with that hearty laugh of his like the rattle of musketry. Nobody else laughed.

* * * *

A genuine hearty laugh can never proceed from a man who is burdened with a corrupt soul. Real and

innocent wit is the flower of the mind and laughter is its perfume—its expression. Cheerfulness and laughter are the privileges of reason, and the latter is confined to the human race. It has been remarked that laughter is akin to weeping, and all true humor is closely allied to pity. It is a good thing to laugh at any rate, and it was Dryden who remarked that if a straw can tickle a man it is an instrument of happiness:

“Laugh and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost in the air,
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.”

* * * *

Always suspect a man who never laughs—who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper and an enunciation studied, slow and deliberate. These things are all unnatural and indicate a degree of mental discipline into which he who has no purpose to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. Such a person is to be watched

* * * *

One Sunday afternoon Mr. Cowen was at our house in Pittsburgh and naturally a little mild refreshment was in order. On our Scotch whisky decanter there is cut the quotation, “Scotland with all thy faults I love thee still.” With a merry twinkle in his eye he picked the decanter up and looking it over said, “I think you should amend that quotation, and make it read, ‘Scotland with all thy faults I love *thy* still.’ ”

* * * *

Mr. Cowen accompanied Mr. L. F. Loree, his successor in the presidency on the first formal trip the latter made over the road, Pittsburgh being the stopping-point the first night. During the day I asked Mr. Cowen if he had ordered any hotel arrangement for the night, and as he had not I arranged rooms at the Duquesne Club, and asked if there was any one in particular he would care to meet at dinner and I would wire them. He said, "Oh, no; just have a few of our own boys." Among them were Mr. George Shriver, Mr. L. R. Brockenbrough, Mr. W. L. Andrews and Mr. H. M. Matthews.

After dinner the boys scattered and we were alone, and we got an open carriage to enjoy the evening air. It was hot weather. He was an uncrowned king then, but to me a grander king than ever. His repose and quiet dignity under all the circumstances ennobled him, and made me feel that I was in the presence of a mortal not made of ordinary clay. He spoke most generously of the men who had supported Mr. Murray and himself through the trying period of the Receivership. I remarked that it might have occurred to the proper powers to set aside a block of *B. & O.* stock when it was worth about nine cents for the benefit of some of the wheelhorses, and if need be carry the pro rata of those who were not prepared to carry it for themselves, and cut the melon when the stock had been made worth something. That was the wise and fair and liberal policy Mr. Carnegie had adopted. The stock was then quoted at 104. He put his hand on my arm and said, "Tut, tut, Gibson; you mustn't speak about that."

There was silence in that carriage for some time, and there are few things I regret so much as making to him under all the circumstances, that thoughtless and stupid remark, *for he had nothing himself*. Choosing to cleave to the old creeds of his race, and passing, without a backward glance into the paths of honor and justice, it was thus with him now. His harvest is yellow, his grapes are ripened, the light is shining on them from the golden hills of heaven.

* * * *

Stupid, or rather unfortunate as my remark was, you must remember that all business is in a sense selfish. Nature did not plan a human race given over to altruism. The law of the survival of the fittest is what nature has laid down for her creatures. The big fish eat up the little ones, always have and always will.

In the hand-to-hand war of business, as of athletics, men fight on without much thought of others, except a desire to excel or to defeat them. Very lofty minds, like Sir Philip Sydney with his cup of water will not stoop to take an advantage, if they think another wants it more. Our age, in spite of high authority to the contrary, is not without its Sir Philip Sydneys, and John K. Cowen was one; but these are counsels of perfection which it would be unwise to make the measure of the rough business of the world as pursued by ordinary men of business. The days of Fontenoy are gone now; everybody tries to get the first fire by hook or by crook; chivalry is almost forgotten in our age, although I have cited to you in the foregoing record a magnificent exception in Daniel Willard.

Of course, it is a good thing to be successful—to have money. No matter what the game is, whether it is tennis or law, it is nicer to win than to lose, for success brings happiness; but it must be real success. There is no true satisfaction in being ahead of the other fellow, if down in your heart of hearts you know he is rightfully entitled to be ahead of you. It is a good thing, too, to check up once in a while and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.

Win by all means, if you can win fairly. The knowledge that there isn't a page in your past to which you dare not turn; that there isn't a man in the world who can put his finger on any crooked thing you've done; the feeling that whatever happens you have played the game straight, is worth more than all the money and all the power and all the position in the world. It is worth a lot to yourself to know you're square, and besides men who play fair don't often fail in the end. A good test of any business or professional career is, what are you going to think of yourself afterward. In religion, politics, business or professional life there is no motto which can be more confidently commended than "Play the game."

* * * *

Mr. Cowen was an Ohio man, a graduate of Princeton, and as a young man, he told me, had read law under William McKinley, afterward President of the United States; and I trust that all of your life you will gratefully remember that as a little boy it was your privilege to meet both of these great men.

LETTER XXIII

COLONEL L. WORTHINGTON-WILMER

YOU can remember when Louis Wilmer visited us in Baltimore.

He had spent the greater part of his life in the British Army, and served through the Indian Mutiny (1857-58) in the 90th Light Infantry, now the Scottish Rifles, and was during these trying years a lieutenant in the company of which the captain was Garnet Wolseley, and their friendship continued until the death of the latter. Wolseley, as the world knows, became a great soldier, was elevated to the peerage and died a field marshal.

The 90th Light Infantry was part of the column which, under Sir Colin Campbell, marched with forty-five hundred men to save Lucknow besieged by sixty thousand mutinous troops. After the abandonment of Lucknow, the regiment was among the four thousand troops who under Outram, held the Alum Bagh position for over three months against more than a hundred thousand assailants. It took part in the final victorious assault on Lucknow in March, 1858.

Wolseley, then a colonel, as the British military observer, was attached to the staff of General Robert E. Lee during the Civil War, and Major A. R. H. Ranson of Baltimore was a member of Lee's staff at

the same time. When Colonel Wolseley stopped off in Baltimore in 1862, on his way South to join Lee's Army he was the guest of the Ranson family. Wolseley conceived the highest admiration for General Lee, and became his eulogist and to some extent his biographer.

It is one of the odd circumstances which occur in this life that two old companions in arms, Wolseley and Wilmer, should have visited Baltimore 35 years apart and been the guests of mutual friends.

* * * *

Mr. Charles Fisher, who was killed in that terrible accident on the Southern Railway near Lynchburg, Va., when Mr. Samuel Spencer's car was smashed, Major Venables, Mr. William Blackford and Mr. Skipwith Wilmer were all most kind and hospitable to Colonel Wilmer and did a great deal to make his visit pleasant. Mr. Skipwith Wilmer and Louis compared notes and found that they hailed from the same stock.

* * * *

Louis Wilmer had long been a student in internationalism and held advanced views. His visit to the United States was before Edward VII had come to the throne, and with that great tact for which he was so noted, brought about an *entente* with France, and otherwise changed the political alignment of the great powers of Europe. It was during a time when Englishmen and the English press gloried, or would have the world believe they gloried, in what was called the "splendid isolation" of England. We, too, in the United States have gloried in our splendid isolation. The oceans heretofore have been our protection and our bulwarks, and great endowments of mind and land

our hope. Vast changes have come over the face of the earth in the last generation. Man has made the oceans, the continents and the air his servants, and the isolation of former ages is now impossible. Provincialism is growing more and more an anomaly.

Louis Wilmer held, and today more and more believes, that for the purposes of mutual interest and defense there is a great and ever-growing necessity for good will between the two great English-speaking peoples; that the destiny of these nations is one—not a political union—not even a treaty-bound union, but an unwritten coalition of amity and friendship and of material aims and mutual interests.

* * * *

Many thoughtful men in the United States have long recognized that England has been the first line of defense of the Monroe Doctrine. That the Monroe Doctrine was originated and actually put in force, not by the United States but by Great Britain, seems to be little understood by the great body of the American people. Historically it might be more accurately described as “the Canning policy.”

Canning was an English statesman of the early years of the last century who left his impression on the history of the world in a marked degree. He was blest with unusual far-sightedness. In 1823, the date of the origin of the Monroe Doctrine, the South American republics had declared their independence of Spain. Canning said he had no objection to Spain trying to recover her lost colonies, knowing that such recovery by Spain, unaided, was quite impracticable. But he insisted that there should be no transfer of



COLONEL L. WORTHINGTON-WILMER

these colonies to the more formidable powers, of whom France at that time was regarded as the chief peril. Canning had determined that neither France, Russia, Austria nor Prussia should secure a foothold in the continent where England had made such a failure.

With this in mind, Canning urged on Mr. Rush, the American minister in London, the advisability of the United States making such a declaration as was afterward inserted in President Monroe's message to Congress. Canning also had Mr. Addington, the British minister in Washington, make representations of a similar character to John Quincy Adams, at that time United States Secretary of State. But his efforts did not appear to be successful. The situation was critical. In 1822 the United States had recognized the independence of Mexico, Colombia, Chile and Peru, and Canning knew that the European powers were anxious to aid Spain, only to secure generous slices for themselves.

Failing to get President Monroe to act, Canning, on October 9, 1823, announced to Count de Polignac, the French Ambassador at London, terms which are identical with the Monroe Doctrine. The day after his interview with the Count he appointed two commissioners, one to proceed to Colombia and one to Mexico, with instructions along the same line.

Monroe's message to Congress came seven weeks later. It seems that at first all the United States statesmen entertained suspicions of the honesty of the British. Adams in his diary pointed out that what was afterward known as the Monroe Doctrine would

perhaps give a substantial pledge against the United States themselves and they would receive nothing in return. However, after full consideration, President Monroe framed his historical message, and Monroe himself, in a letter written to Jefferson a few days after the delivery of the message, gave Canning full credit for the suggestion. At that time, before the United States had found itself a great power, there was little force to support the new doctrine except the naval power of England. But that power was behind it till it was strong enough to stand alone. So, under the inspiration of America and the shield of British naval supremacy, the great group of Southern republics came into being. On both sides of the Atlantic the proclamation was received with enthusiasm and for the first time the two countries sat hand in hand.

* * * *

It is singularly unfortunate that there is a gap of three years in the Greville Memoirs—viz., from January, 1823, until February, 1826. Unquestionably much inside information relating to this important period has thereby been lost to posterity.

* * * *

There is nothing unique in the Monroe Doctrine. It is just as reasonable for the United States to insist upon the independence and integrity of the American Republics as it is for Great Britain to pursue the same policy in respect to these and other nations. Great Britain insists upon the independence and integrity of many places—Belgium and Holland for example. She claims no authority over these places. She merely says that her policy precludes (as far as her force will

go) the acquisition of Belgium and Holland by Germany; of Constantinople by Russia; of Switzerland by France or Italy. She assumes that these places would fight against conquest, and she declares that her policy is favorable to their freedom.

* * * *

The great function of the Monroe Doctrine has been to prevent war. Its original enunciation in 1823 prevented war. The "Canning policy" has for ninety years (with the exception of the French attempt on Mexico during the Civil War) prevented the slightest appearance of the transference of European armies, conflicts and militarism to either of the two Americas. It was against France that we were ready to go to war in the interests of Mexico, and it is against any other nation that like cause would produce like effect. Mexico did not suffer by that application of the Monroe Doctrine, and the United States did not profit. It was a simple application of a doctrine which has the force of law in this hemisphere, so long as we have the will and power to enforce it. Asia, Africa, the South Seas have been swept, raided and appropriated. Thanks to the Canning policy the Americas have been left alone. Compare the insensate folly of the present-day European armaments with the comparative sanity of the cis-Atlantic peoples, and give to the Canning policy full credit for the contrast.

* * * *

Why was Canning on behalf of Britain so greatly interested in South America? The answer is to be found in much the same terms as is that explanation of the British policy all over the world, namely, trade. Trade

is the creator of civilization and itself the most beneficent of institutions. To Great Britain, more than to any other country, the prosperity and progress of the South American republics are matters of immediate concern, for the simple reason that British manufacturers have hitherto supplied the greater part of their needs, and that British capitalists have led the way in financing the industrial and agricultural development of the continent. Despite the strenuous activities of her rivals, British trade still holds first place in Buenos Aires, Rio, Montevideo, Santiago, Valparaiso and other centers of commerce.

* * * *

Lord Rosebery, recognizing that England's first experiment in empire-building was a disastrous failure, was the leader of the movement to bring the great colonies of Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa into closer relations with the Motherland. His thought* was that the British Empire has fewer white people than any of the empires which may be regarded as her rivals, and if its component parts organize in the most effective fashion they will be better equipped, should the occasion arise, to meet any of the close-knit nations of Europe. He regards the Empire as a great spontaneous growth arising from the soil of Anglo-Saxon capacity for self-government, and involving, not the subordination of one part to another, but the due subordination of every part to the whole. But that was a political bond, and does not *immediately* concern us as a nation.

* * * *

*Even if Lord Rosebery may not be classed as a great man we must recognize that this is a great conception. Note that at this period the British Parliament and public were prating and ranting about Home Rule for Ireland as if she were the predominant factor in the Empire, but not a moment's thought was being given to the infinitely greater subject of Imperial Federation.

Colonel Wilmer had a wider outlook. He believes that an understanding between this country and Great Britain will sooner or later be needed to save Anglo-Saxonism and all it stands for in the history of civilization, from the fate that an industrialized and *kultured* Europe and a re-awakened Orient may visit upon it. This new internationalism he believes will ultimately come, not because "blood is thicker than water," for community of blood can never of itself be a sufficient guarantee of friendship between individuals or nations. On the contrary, as Russell Lowell has remarked, the common blood, and still more the common language, have too often in the past been fatal instruments of misapprehension. It will come because ideals are stronger than blood. If England, in other words, ever ceases to be a dominating power in Europe, new troubles for the United States will begin, and they will come both from the East and from the West.

Economic relations are said to underlie all national relations. Even so, there are those who believe that an intellectual* *entente* is a far firmer basis for permanent friendship than a commercial *entente*—that the ideal is more durable than the material—that there is such a thing as racial solidarity. This instinct drew the States of this Union together. It is drawing together at present the States of the British Empire, and it should eventually aid in more and more drawing together the British Empire and the United States. The time may come when the Anglo-Saxon nations will have to choose between the militarization of the world, accompanied by the possible loss in war of large portions of their possessions to alien races, and an

*Cecil Rhodes held that educational relations make the strongest tie between nations.

Anglo-American reunion which will save them from these evils. A great Anglo-Saxon commonwealth embracing the British Empire and the United States would be the greatest instrument of peace and progress which the world has ever seen. It would establish the peace, prosperity and security of the race for all time. The vital—the world-wide issue today has already been begun in Asia, led by Japan, and in Europe an even greater menace is the militarism of Germany—each looking for world supremacy.

It is probably quite true that among England's international affiliations her most valuable asset is the friendship of the United States, and perhaps it is equally true that our most valuable asset is the friendship of England. We recognize England's traditional attitude toward the Monroe Doctrine and both Germany and Japan must reckon with it. If Great Britain, which God forbid, ever elected to stand aside and change her attitude on that question she could barter the change to either Germany or Japan, or to both, on her own terms. They would make any concession in exchange for a promise from England that her navy would not support the Monroe Doctrine if either or both of them in defiance of it attempted to exploit Central or South America or Mexico. Let us, therefore, by every honorable means contribute our share of good-will to the end that nothing may impair the force and value of that traditional attitude of England.

I do not believe any such defection on the part of England is probable or even remotely possible, but we must recognize how small is the footing of our

ordinary hopes—how precarious is all our customary confidence.

* * * *

A movement has long been on foot to bring about a federation of the Americas and so place back of the Monroe Doctrine all the 21 American Republics, supplying mutual protection, but there are those who believe that this movement is not the highest wisdom—that the strength of the doctrine lies in its single guardianship. It is feared that the possibility of different and conflicting interpretations might some day prove a source of weakness.

* * * *

We all devoutly recognize that no higher ideal was ever placed before the ever-passing, never-ending columns of mankind in their march from the cradle to the grave than that which was impressed upon the shepherds of Judea when they heard the anthem of praise to the Creator and the proclamation of peace on earth and good-will toward men. That peace was not attainable under Herod, or Constantine, or under emperor, czar, king, prince or pontiff from the hour it was heard on the plains and mountains by the shepherds until this most glorious of the centuries; still it is an ideal that should never be lost to the mind or sight of man.

But while we progress toward that mighty realization it will not do to assume that the world is yet of one mind as to the banishment of war, or that it is and will ever remain a unit for peace. The great paradox of international politics is that, while war is everywhere recognized as both a folly and a crime, preparation for this crime and folly is also recognized

as the paramount duty of the State. So it is well for the President and the Secretary of State to propose disarmament to a world in arms; it is advisable to propose arbitration for the disputes of nations, and while it is being discussed by elder and younger statesmen of all the continents, it is for us to see that our magazines of ammunition are as full as any; that our batteries are numerous and well equipped, and that fleets of battleships manned by American seamen and flying the stars and stripes, are available for the defense of our commerce, our coasts and the Panama Canal. The navy is the United States first line of defense, and cannot be made too strong for purposes of insurance. But we will be criminal fools, deserving the penalty of our folly, if we fail to realize that a navy alone will not do. A navy, no matter how well officered and manned, can be swept away in one sea fight, and if the navy fails nothing but the trained manpower of the nation can prevent invasion, and possibly domination commercially or even politically by alien forces. No nation is free and independent that is not prepared to defend by arms its freedom and independence. So long as our country lies naked to invasion, so long its freedom and independence are mere words, not facts.

This Republic stands for peace, but until arms are grounded from pole to pole, until swords are beaten into pruning hooks on every continent and armed vessels are converted into peaceful freighters in every port and upon every sea, it would be folly for the United States to leave itself naked and unprotected before its enemies. It was peace that was proclaimed by the angels, and it is hoped by good men that time

will make all mankind angelic, but even our President or the Secretary of State would scarcely aver that such a desirable condition has yet been arrived at, even in the Capital of this nation. Let all departments of our government stand firmly for universal peace at the earliest moment possible, but until disarmaments are universal let our Congress provide promptly for efficient armies and formidable fleets. The old Round-head maxim, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry,"* still rings true for the security and safety of our people. Faith in our immunity is a vain thing. We all know that the Roman Empire declined and fell but no one knows the cause thereof. Gibbon traces rather than explains the decline. If we survive we shall not do so by the grace of anything save our own courage, wisdom and resourcefulness. It behooves this nation to gird up its loins, to take counsel of its wisdom, to conserve, to prepare, to arm.

* * * *

You must not forget that while the number of Americans whose roots are in the Fatherland is about one-third of those whose roots are in the Mother Country, only three-fifths of our total *white* population are of British and German descent. We are now, therefore, by no means simply New England, New Ireland and New Germany. We are also New Italy, New Russia, New Greece and New Hungary, while New York with its nearly two million Jews is surely the New Jerusalem, and in international things all sections of the population are responsible together, but the predominant responsibility is with the predominant element of the nation, viz.—*our people of British descent.*

*The Oriental axiom is *Trust in God, but tie your camel.*

It is not too much to say that American civilization as we know it today is not the product of fusion between the original Anglo-Saxon stock and the later comers. Essentially it is still the old English-Puritan culture that flourishes in this country. The severance of political relations between the American colonies and Great Britain did not break the continuity of English culture and tradition. America owes to England the ideals of the Pilgrims—the preaching of civil and religious liberty. England is the source and chief guardian of the principle of civil and constitutional liberty, and the cement of Empire is liberty. England owes to America the great lesson of 1776. The American Revolution was a turning point in the history of civilization. Its influence on the political course and structure of the British Empire cannot be overestimated.

The varied Teutonic mass, not to speak of such latecomers as the Jew and the Italian, have contributed little to the sap and spirit of American life. On the contrary, they have themselves been reduced to the condition of parasitic growths, their own native virtue gone, a drain upon the parent stem, a loss rather than a gain in the development of a true “American” spirit, but they have been warmed at our hearth, and they have flourished under the shelter of English institutions. If these newer peoples had had the courage and the sense of liberty to remain true to their own racial genius, we should have on American soil a group of flourishing national civilizations in place of one dominant civilization amid a welter of poor imitations.

* * * *

One frequently hears these newer people likened to our early settlers.* But there is not a jot or tittle of

**History of the Eastern Shore of Virginia*, by J. C. Wise.

likeness. They brought nothing with them. They sacrificed nothing in coming. But the Puritan, the Quaker and the Huguenot sacrificed position and temporal well-being for liberty of conscience. They left conditions of comfort and the benefits of a high civilization to develop the resources of a virgin land, and build for themselves homes in the wilderness. They practiced the stern virtues of courage, fortitude and a most splendid industry. Had the Pilgrim Fathers been met on Plymouth Rock by immigration officials; had their children been placed immediately in good free schools and given the care of doctors, dentists and nurses; had they found themselves in infinitely better circumstances than they had ever enjoyed in England, indulging in undreamed-of luxuries and taught by kind-hearted philanthropists, what pioneer virtues would have been developed, what sons would they have bred, what honors would history have accorded them? If the early settlers were masterful, they earned the right to mastery, and the price they paid for it was endurance. To the sacrifices which they made, to their high courage and heroic labors, we owe what is best in our national life.

* * * *

Many persons besides Carlyle have probably wished for a history of English Puritanism. But this Heroism, like that of the making of the United States, will remain unexplained and unintelligible just so long as it is looked upon as a mere chapter of English history, and not as an outcome or continuation of that great Continental movement, intellectual and spiritual, which in the sixteenth century revolutionized the

world. Neither can we understand, unless we recognize the true intellectual, moral and religious condition of the English people, out of which their Puritanism with all its faults and virtues was evolved, and appreciate the influence which must have been exerted upon such a people by the close proximity of a republic—the leader of the world by at least a century in agriculture, commerce and manufactures, and by more than two centuries in all ideas relating to civil and religious liberty. No one can tell the extent to which the Dutch Republic affected the thought of these heroic men in England and America who in their newly awakened intellectual life, were trying to break the shackles of civil and religious tyranny. To speak, therefore, of English Puritanism without allusion to this influence would be like writing the early history of England without referring to the ideas brought in by the Normans. But even that is an inadequate comparison.

* * * *

Those of us of British blood and descent—all those who inherit our religions, our laws, our manners and our habits of thought must realize with a profound conviction that they are the slow growth of all the ages since men began to grasp the first great principles of natural right. Developed through thousands of years, fostered by the lawgivers and the thinkers of antiquity, matured through centuries of all forms of the Christian faith, they have permeated the whole history of the Anglo-Saxon race until they find expression today in our democratic ideals of righteousness and of human fellowship with all.

* * * *

This nation of ours is a great beneficent giant with the strength of gods and the eyes of a child, destined to do good that will bend the world in reverence, and unless we go on the rocks of some of our own follies, it is our destiny when the stress of industrial, political and material travail is over, to be the torch bearers for civilization. What this nation will be fifty years from now no human being can foresee or forecast.

* * * *

Even at the risk of repeating myself let me impress upon you again that every good citizen must do his full duty—that he must combat the tendency to undermine belief in *individual responsibility* for good government. The intelligence of the electorate is indispensable in a country which the people rule. The Constitution of these United States is a mere clatter of words unless it conveys the impression that *personal* duty is the cornerstone of its doctrine. The noble sentiment it breathes is nothing unless the citizen is ready to make sacrifice for the good of the people. Our construction of that great document must mean the absorption of the individual in the government. We should each ask, what can I do for my country in payment for the liberty, peace, safety and opportunity which it gives me? We will have to discipline our patriotism through the school, the pulpit, class and club to make it mean a sacrifice rather than a service with no meaning at all. Be inspired with the faith that life is a great and noble calling; not a mean, grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny.

* * * *

The most wonderful thing in our history is the recurrence of great men seemingly inspired for their

various duties, and the alertness and intelligence with which public opinion has asserted itself in every great national crisis. These facts and the spiritual and beneficent impulses that abide in the public mind, and if the hold of religion on the nation remains steadfast—"To do justly, to love mercy, to walk humbly with thy God"—these facts should lead us to have an absolute belief in a wonderful future for these United States. But with all the wealth of our history, and with all the marvelous achievements of our engineers and architects and the development of art, we must ever keep before us the simple proposition that we have much to do and to learn. We have much to fight against and correct and overcome and nothing is in more pressing need of correction than our mild submission to impure politics and corrupt leadership, and the spread of agnostic Socialism.

* * * *

I have used the term Anglo-Saxon in these letters, as applied to the people of the English-speaking race, but the English people before the Norman invasion, were made up from the veins of ancient Britons, Romans, Picts, Scots, Danes, Angles and Saxons, so that the English nation of today stands for all these races fused together a thousand years or more ago. The chemistry of the change is as mysterious as that of all other racial transmutations. What share the original Britons whom Caesar knew had in the making of the Englishman no student can say. As Tennyson has expressed it:

"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we."

This mixture of blood shows that the idea of an Anglo-Saxon race is simply a figure of speech. If this be true of the Englishman, how much more decidedly must it be true of the American who is more and more compounding the confusion of British blood with infusions from the veins of all other nations? The well-known expression "the American English and the mixed Britons of England" is not so far-fetched. The same thing is true of the French. There is no race clearly and purely French. The race which has grown up between the Rhine and the Pyrenees is a fusion of two mighty rivers, a mixture of North and South—the science, refinement and philosophy of the Northerners, with the fire, invention and nerves of the Southerners.

Mr. S. D. O'Donnell of the Bureau of Statistics, Washington, writing on the subject, says that among ethnologists the phrase Anglo-Saxon is never used as descriptive of a race, or of English institutions; hence, he remarks:

"No well-educated person of the present generation can be excused for using it descriptive of the English-speaking peoples, because there never was an Anglo-Saxon race nor an Anglo-Saxon institution to impart dominating influences to our civilization."

The obscurity of the familiar word Anglo-Saxon* as applied to the English people is somewhat of a mystery. In the days of Alfred the Great the term Anglo-Saxon was used as a race name for the English-speaking world. He used the words "rex Anglorum Saxonum" but the origin of the title is not clear; for a careful study of our personality, our language and our

*Anglo-Celtic is a better expression.

literature clearly shows that the appellation is wrong, although the name may be applied to us with just as much propriety as any other.

* * * *

There is a similar lack of authority for the expression "Scotch-Irish," a term of purely United States creation and use, commonly applied to the descendants of the Scots who settled in Ireland after the unspeakably wicked and ruthless invasion by Cromwell, and mainly used by them to establish a religious distinction. Ireland in a much earlier period was called Scotia, and there is another strange story that her people settled North Britain. This is sheer nonsense. The Scots were not Irish; they were a wandering, conquering people, like the Franks of Gaul. North Britain got the name Scotland because the mother of Kenneth MacAlpine, A. D. 844, was a Scot, and an ancient Pictish law gave preference to female descent. Since A. D. 78, when the Caledonians repulsed the Romans at Ardoch in Perthshire—when Agricola told Tacitus that one legion and a few auxiliary troops would be sufficient for the conquest of Ireland—until today, the Caledonians have had no equals.

Singing the praises of one's tribe may sound like the natural pastime of a boastful savage, but even Boswell could not help being a Scotsman.

LETTER XXIV

COLONEL L. WORTHINGTON-WILMER

(Continued)

WHEN I took Louis to the White House to meet the President (Mr. McKinley) by appointment, he was delighted with the cordial reception he met, particularly with the simplicity and quiet dignity with which the President said, "Well, William, how are you, and how is Mrs. Gibson?"

To Louis this was a wonderful revelation, and if ever an Englishman came to these shores with an open and cultivated mind, and with a desire to see and understand from *their* viewpoint our people, and our institutions it was Louis Wilmer,* and the impression he left on the friends he made is still living.

The gentlemen I have already named never failed afterward in my periodical visits to Baltimore, to enquire in the kindest manner for him, and from time to time Professor W. B. Clark of Johns Hopkins University asks: "When did you hear from Colonel Wilmer?" Frank Wilshire never fails to enquire for him.

He is quite an accomplished geological student, and also a member of the International Institute of Con-

*It is an astonishing thing that so many Englishmen visit and even live here for years and never get the American viewpoint. An Englishman is apt to be insufferably English. Of course there are conspicuous exceptions and Louis Wilmer is one. The late Lord Coleridge, John Morley and James Bryce were also. They promptly and sympathetically and intelligently grasped the American mind, and other excellent illustrations in your own day are Mr. Cyril Maude and Captain G. R. Gaunt, R. N., naval attache at Washington. John Hay and Joseph Choate, when in London, could have had anything short of the Tower of London for the asking, and Bryce, when in Washington, could have had anything this side of the nomination for President. Than James Bryce no other more completely understood our institutions or sympathized more deeply with our country and its problems.

chology. When the representatives of the British Geological Society, headed by Sir Archibald Geikie, its president, were in this country, he accompanied them on their excursion to the coal fields of Allegheny County, Maryland, and afterward attended the dinner and reception given by the Governor, Mr. Lloyd Lowndes, at his home in Cumberland.

The Smithsonian Institute, and the then new Congressional Library held a great fascination for him, and truly the Library of Congress is a wonderful architectural achievement. The dignity of its proportions, the luxuriant richness and harmony of its adornment make it a fitting home for the volumes which it contains, some two millions in number, nearly as many as are in the British Museum. It has an unusual collection of law books, said to be the largest in the world. The entrance hall is a vision of pure white polished marble rising to lofty heights, where there is a riot of color in contrast with the snowy beauty of the polished stone. * * * *

Later he visited Governor Lowndes at the State House at Annapolis. After lunch the Governor turned our party over to Captain W. W. Finley, 9th Cavalry, U. S. A. (now Civil-Military Governor of the Philippines), another guest on the occasion, and in our tour over the Naval Academy grounds an odd incident occurred which was quite redeemed by the admirable tact of Captain Finley. In going round the different Academy buildings we were suddenly ushered by the young naval officer who was conducting the party, into a room or museum in which were a number of captured British flags, relics of the unpleasantness of

1812 and probably also of the Revolutionary War. Finley's ready eye took in the situation at a glance and we were quickly passed through. It can scarcely be called the refinement of hospitality, consciously or unconsciously, to remind a guest, more especially a military officer, of bygone and happily forgotten unpleasantness, and display before him a large exhibit of evidence. The youngster, of course, was perfectly innocent and not a word was said. Unfortunately I have forgotten his name. Anyhow I hope he will be an Admiral some day.

But Finley's fine hand was to be shown again.

In due time we reached the club house or mess, which on a hot May afternoon looked like an oasis. It certainly fitted my case at the moment better than captured Mexican cannon and other trophies of war. On the wall of the lounging room was a large supplement issued by one of the London illustrated papers showing the magnitude of the British fleet as compared with the fleets of European nations and our own, and at that time our navy was not *the most prominent* in the panoramic view. Turning to Louis, Finley said, "Colonel Wilmer, you know Congress has been discussing in Washington the question of a treaty of arbitration with Great Britain. You have only to look at this picture to understand why!"

* * * *

We also attended the naval review on the occasion of the dedication of General Grant's tomb on Riverside Drive. All the great powers of the world were represented, and I particularly remember that Spain sent the *Viscaya*, and as you know, she was destroyed with

three other Spanish cruisers at the battle of Santiago the year following.

We afterward dined with the Ricketts Lawrences. Mr. Lawrence was born in Jamaica but had spent his life in New York, and he spoke so interestingly that I have always been glad that I had many opportunities of listening to his delightful recollections. In another way he was a link with the past, as his father had been a midshipman at the battle of Trafalgar. Young Lawrence served under his kinsman, Lord Northesk, the seventh Earl of his line, who was admiral of the red and third in command under Nelson. Mr. Lawrence, among many other interesting things, had a letter written by Rear Admiral Collingwood to his grandfather commending the conduct of this midshipman—his father—on the great day at Trafalgar and on other occasions.

* * * *

For many years Colonel Wilmer has actively supported, sparing neither time nor expense, the League of Mercy, an association of which Edward VII, when Prince of Wales was the founder, and its work is to raise funds for the endowment of beds and wards in the great hospitals of London, the doors of which are open to the distressed and suffering without regard to creed or nationality. He has also been active and untiring in the work of the Red Cross Society and the Boy Scouts. It would be hard to find a nobler and purer character, and I trust that his walks and his ways will be a study and an example for you, as they may well be for all who would learn life's truest lessons, and know the real sources of honor and happiness.

* * * *

Through Colonel Wilmer we were all invited to a Garden Party at Marlborough House—an opportunity to be presented to the Prince and Princess of Wales which unfortunately I was compelled to miss, but which Mamma and Dorothy were able to enjoy. You were in old Rammie's House at Charterhouse then and not expected. Mamma as a girl had been presented to Queen Victoria and the experience was not altogether novel to her.

An odd and pretty incident occurred, and it is certain that nobody but *our* Mamma could make such a *Fox Paws* and get away with it. With the Prince and Princess were the two oldest Royal children dressed in sailor suits, and after being presented to the Prince and Princess her eye caught the children and she said with an admiring look, "such beautiful little boys!" whereupon the Prince smiled, and most graciously brought them forward and told them to shake hands. There are probably not many people in this community of ours who have been presented to Queen Victoria and who have also shaken hands with her great-grandchildren.

The cards of invitation, and a supplementary card changing the time are in one of the old scrap-books. We were graciously honored by a similar invitation the following year. * * * *

Louis Wilmer and I have long maintained a correspondence.

The following is an extract from one of his letters:

APPRECIATION FROM ENGLAND

To the Editor of The Gazette Times:

Dear Sir: I sent a copy of *The Gazette Times* of May 21, containing an account of the memorial

LETTERS TO MY SON

service in Trinity Church on the day of the funeral of King Edward, to an old friend and kinsman in England, Col. L. Worthington-Wilmer, British army (retired), and writing under date of June 6th, he says:

"I received the *Pittsburgh Gazette Times* and noted with great pleasure—and I speak for our circle of friends—the account of the services, and the illustrations of Trinity Church. I have also to thank you for the beautifully executed order of funeral service you kindly sent and I should like if we could convey our grateful thanks to the Right Reverend Bishop, the Reverend Rector and Curates for their most graceful and affectionate compliment and kind remembrance of our late most revered king, Edward VII, whose loss we have so acutely felt. We should be much pleased if you would say how deeply the kindly feeling shown toward us in the United States is appreciated."

I know no better way to do this than through the medium of your widely-read columns.

Yours truly,

WILLIAM GIBSON

Pittsburgh, June 23, 1910

* * * *

When the civilized world was staggered by the death of Captain Scott and his heroic companions in the Antarctic, I wrote Louis the following letter:

* * * *

Pittsburgh, Pa., Feb. 15, 1913

Dear Louis: We are inexpressibly shocked over the death of poor Captain Scott and his party. So many people are saying that the discovery of the South Pole is not worth the price which they paid for it. But be that as it may, the pole is an insignificant thing compared with the exhibition of heroism which these men gave. If ever a gallant soul merited success it was Scott.

His last message to the world, written when the Antarctic cold was gripping his heart, will always stand as a great human document. It will endure while the years and the centuries go down into the



TRINITY CHURCH, PITTSBURGH

abyss of eternity. The story will be told and retold, and thousands of men and women yet unborn will thrill to it, and it will inspire other deeds of heroism. Well may our race thank God for such men. What a message of inspiration to our young men. "We took risks. We knew we took them. Things came out against us, and therefore we have no cause for complaint, but bow to the will of Providence, determined still to do our best to the end."

In the narrow tent with the gale raging outside, death sat face to face with him and dictated the words. The leader and his companions had wrestled with death and been thrown. I think of the heroic Oates declining any longer to be a burden and a menace to his companions, and stumbling out into the blizzard to die with but the words "I am just going outside, and may be sometime." Eternity is sometime, and these words should find their way into Westminster Abbey.

It is a marvellous thing that Scott's party and the Norwegian party, at separated intervals of time and by different paths, converged upon a single point in the bleak southern vastness.

Undoubtedly the Admiralty will make suitable provision for the widows and children of the poor fellows who gave their lives for the honour of their flag and of the Empire. Yellow perils, and suffragettes, and German scares, and Socialism are but sounding brass while England produces men like Scott and Oates. Representing as they do both services, England is secure and safe.

I hope it is not too late to send you a word expressing the deep sense of gratitude which our people have expressed on every side regarding the wide and tender range of tribute paid Ambassador Reid in England. Not only this, but the occasion holds a deeper and fuller meaning. The splendid cruiser which bore our dead representative to his home fitly represented the might and dignity of the British Empire. The ship testifies moreover, by its message of peace, to the traditions and aspirations that exist and should exist forever among the whole race.

LETTERS TO MY SON

We were interested to hear of your Jamaica trip as we all know the ground so well.

Willie is doing very well at the university and will take his degree in June, and our plan is that he will take up the study of law at Harvard University next October. He was 21 last November. It does seem to me that so many young fellows are more in earnest than they were when I was young.

I am glad you enjoy the *Leslie*. We think it a very good and interesting paper, though in some ways not quite up to the *Graphic* and *London News*, both of which I see regularly here.

We are quite ashamed of the antics of your militant suffragettes.

I hope you get good news of the "boys," and with our united love to you all,

I am, your affectionate cousin,

WILLIAM GIBSON

Colonel L. Worthington-Wilmer
Lothian House, Ryde

I forwarded the manuscript of the foregoing notes to Colonel L. Worthington-Wilmer, N. R., formerly of the 90th Light Infantry, for revision and his remarks are made a part of this record.

Lothian House, Ryde, Isle of Wight

May 4, 1913

Dear William: Your account of the events mentioned in the attached document are wonderfully accurate and bring to my mind many events which the lapse of time had somewhat retired out of view, but I still retain the keenest memory of that most pleasant visit which your kindness and hospitality enabled me to enjoy.

I wonder at the accuracy of your memory. I perfectly remember our visit to Annapolis and was much interested in all that I saw there. I also remember very well the stirring cruise that we had up and down that inland sea called New York Harbour, crowded with vessels of all nationalities, and still retain all those ideas that you have so clearly enumerated in the typed sheets enclosed.

I firmly believe in a closer union of the Anglo-Saxon race, and if we adhere to the right against the wrong, our united voice will be capable of keeping the world in the paths of well doing and peace, and ultimately lessening the huge war burdens now so prevalent in the affairs of all the great nations. The rage for armaments is higher than ever and nothing short of a universal European bankruptcy seems likely to end it.

But whatever the other nations elect to do, if the Anglo-Saxons on the West and East stand together they can be quite competent to resist perils of all descriptions, whether the Yellow one of the Far East, *or the mailed fist somewhat nearer.*

I should feel myself highly complimented if this addition on my part be appended to the record.

I am, your very affectionate cousin,

L. WORTHINGTON-WILMER

Since the foregoing notes were completed, I learn from Colonel Wilmer that the distributors of the fund of \$375,000 raised in memory of Captain Scott and his gallant comrades have shown an admirable perception of the relative values of the practical and the sentimental.

The wishes of Captain Scott, expressed in his last message, have been scrupulously followed. The debt on the expedition is wiped off by a grant of \$25,500. The appeal of Captain Scott that the families of those who died in the cause of knowledge might be provided for has been responded to, not lavishly, but adequately.

The relatives of Captain Oates, who walked to meet death in the blizzard that his companions might be relieved of the burden of a sick man, are in no need of pecuniary assistance and so the committee proposes to contribute to the fund for a memorial which is being raised by his regiment.

In general commemoration there will be a bronze monument in some public place, a memorial tablet in St. Paul's, and what would probably have gratified Captain Scott more than either, an endowment fund of \$50,000 for polar research.

Nothing appears to have been overlooked. England, whom these men served faithfully, has done all in its power to pay fitting honor to the noble dead.

* * * *

As Robert Louis Stevenson quotes from an old author in his introduction to the *English Admirals*: "Whether it is wise in man to do such actions or no, I am sure it is so in States to honor them."

LETTER XXV

VETERANS' ASSOCIATION, PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

An address before the Veterans' Association, Pittsburgh Division, Pennsylvania R. R., 1898.

WHEN my friend Mr. Pitcairn invited me to join your gathering this evening I accepted in a weak moment, and meekly stepped off your special train today feeling like a pioneer. I am told that it is unusual for you to ask an outside railroad man to participate in your exercises, and I gratefully acknowledge the honor. I wondered also, if a *Baltimore & Ohio* man had ever before been known to be possessed of sufficient boldness to stop off at Altoona.

It was explained that your meeting was to consist of old railroad men like ourselves. This was reassuring. There is a strange and undefined sense of fraternity among railroad men. Deny it as we may, we like to get together and "talk railroad." If the walls of a roundhouse could speak, what stores of gossip and tales of woe they might unfold. They would probably tell that the master mechanic ought to be on a farm. We might hear that the trainmaster should be there assisting him, and they would be sure to tell that the superintendent had nothing whatever to do. If you want to find out how to run a railroad, go to the roundhouse.

I tell you, gentlemen, that railroaders belong to a tribe which is just a little different from the balance of mankind, and some day we may have a poet of our own to sing our praises, in the sense that Burns is the

laureate of the Scottish farmer, and Kipling of the British soldier.

I am always glad to meet railroad men, and the term "railroad man" is very comprehensive. It applies to all of us regardless of the degree of responsibility with which any particular one may be charged. All are parts of a great machine.

When a party of *Baltimore & Ohio* officials recently passed over your road we were greeted as brothers; but speaking for myself and studying your wonderful property as we went along, I felt like a poor relation, or, as the boys might express it I felt like thirty cents; and so when it comes to talking book of rules and block signals with my friend Pitcairn argument ceases, and I sit like Paul of old at the feet of Gamaliel.

Our people were greatly impressed with the wisdom of a management which provided such facilities for the handling of traffic. They felt that you had delved into the problem of economical operation and that you had solved it. We also thought of the good luck of our neighbors who were so blessed as to be able to command a purse of sufficient length to admit of such ample provision.

But after all, railroads are not successfully operated by machinery and track facilities alone. Something more is required, and when I see the manifestations of good will which such meetings as this display I perceive a source of strength to the *Pennsylvania Railroad* which is ten times mightier than any mechanical appliance which the ingenuity of man can invent. When I look around this table it is easy for me to understand why the *Pennsylvania Railroad* is the successful and powerful corporation which we all know it to be. She is a mother who never loses sight of her worthy children and the children never forget the old mother. Thousands of young men have

graduated from your ranks and their apprenticeship with you has been their passport to the world. My friends, it is impossible to sit at your hospitable board and believe that corporations are altogether soulless.

It has seemed to me that of late years railroad men are becoming more reasonable, more liberal minded, more enlightened. We all remember the time when the relations which existed between the men in the various departments was more or less antagonistic. It was even an open question whether the conductor or the engineman should say when a train was ready to start. In the early days on the *Baltimore & Ohio Railroad* it is related that a dispute on this question led to the conductor and engineer getting into a violent altercation. Meanwhile, of course, the train was waiting; that was a small matter in those days. The result was that the conductor licked the engineer, and so a precedent was established, and from that day to this the authority of the conductor has been recognized.

And is this history-making circumstance not also typical of the relation which existed between the official and the employee? The spirit of mutual forbearance and mutual respect had not yet descended upon the fraternity. The intelligent railroad official of today fully recognizes that the welfare of the employee is his own welfare, and on the other hand the employee feels that his interests are best helped by loyal and devoted service to the company. The result of this better feeling has been that the standard of railroad service has risen year by year, and I believe as the bond of mutual respect and sympathy grows stronger, the standard will continue to rise, and that the day is coming and is at hand, when no amount of outside influence can shake the steadfast loyalty which each will feel that he owes to the other. Speaking on behalf of my brother officials of the *Baltimore & Ohio Rail-*

road I greet you, and congratulate you on the splendid example which you have set to the railroads of the country in this direction.

When Mr. Pitcairn was telling me about your meetings he referred in such affectionate terms to his old associates that I could well understand how to him and to you, these meetings were not mere matters of form, but a real source of gratification and good fellowship. As the years roll round, there cannot but be mingled with your pleasure a feeling that the old guard is steadily growing less—that the circle is narrowing. It is a common error to suppose that ordinary mortals are no sooner dead than forgotten. This I believe is very far from being the case. They are long remembered within the sphere which encircled their close human contact while they lived, and such meetings as this bear eloquent witness to that simple truth. We love to speak of our old associates who have joined the great majority; we love to honor their memory and keep it green.

I sat here this evening and thought of the names of the many distinguished men who have been identified with the Pittsburgh Division—names which are honored; names which, I may say are household words the country over; but I doubt if among them all there is one who occupies, or who has ever occupied, a higher place in the respect and in the hearts and in the affection of the men of the Pittsburgh Division than Mr. Robert Pitcairn.

* * * *

On the following annual meeting of this association I was again honored with an invitation, and spoke as follows:

* * * *

Mr. President and Members of the Veteran Employees' Association:

My first impulse is to exchange congratulations with you.

When we met and parted one year ago tonight it can be safely said that we were good friends, but since the *B. & O.* and the great *P. R. R.* have seen fit to propose to each other and get married, I presume that it will be perfectly fitting and proper now for me to address you as cousins if not as brothers—to feel that I hold brevet rank among you.

Recollecting the pleasure I had in meeting you last year, my first impulse still is to shake hands with all of you, and to tell you how deeply I appreciate the kindness of your executive committee in inviting me to share with you the pleasure of this gathering. The friendly reception you have given me is not the only reason why I am glad to be here, and why I feel a genuine interest in your proceedings. I am glad to be here because I believe that we understand each other. I have been associated and closely identified with railroad men from my youth up. I understand that loyal hearts beat under overalls and uniforms. I understand their fortitude and patience. I understand their nature and their extraordinary goodness one toward another. I understand all these things, and while I frankly and cheerfully acknowledge them, I am very far from believing that the average railroad man on the *P. R. R.* or anywhere else is a natural born angel, although he may be nearer to it than we used to be, and every day getting nearer. But I do believe and I do say that the railroad man is largely what he is made. It is all up to the superintendent, and to his assistants,* and in this respect your division is to be congratulated.

It has been truly said that the hand which rocks the cradle rules the world, and so when we commence our railroad career we unconsciously absorb and partake of the spirit and the character of the superintendent. The men on the Pittsburgh Division of the

*This reference was received with marked appreciation. As a matter of fact I had in mind the only one I knew personally, Mr. R. L. O'Donnel.

P. R. R. are a reflex of the superintendent. Here he sits honored by his friends and beloved by his men.

My friends, a meeting like this is an inspiration. It shows me that the *P. R. R.* and their employees have mastered the problem of employer and employee. It shows that they both recognize that their interests run in parallel lines. The founders of your association builded better than they knew. They evidently understood that in this world much of the bitterness among us arises from the lack of a proper understanding of one another. They adopted and applied the principle which General Grant voiced after Appomattox when he said, "Let us have peace." What can make more for good than the creating of a better common understanding among those whose interests are identical; who depend upon each other, who are essential one to the other, and who can never be in unnatural antagonism without the most deplorable results?

What is the *Pennsylvania R. R.* but a large amount of capital gathered together for the support of one enterprise, and what would be the value of all that capital today, and what its use at any time, if it did not have the work and the loyalty and faithfulness of its employees? You are the veterans of today, and your sons and grandsons are in the course of nature growing to manhood, and will take up the duties which you have discharged in the past, and there can be but one hope, and one trust and one belief—that they will act as you have acted, and in their turn arrive at the goal which you have reached. Some may fall in the prime of their manly strength and vigor, some may rise higher than others, but in the one grand mass, acting as you have acted, they will at length be crowned with the honorable name of veteran. Not all of us, my friends, can be railroad kings, but we can all be faithful, and every one of us loyal and true in every rank and walk of life.

We hear a great deal in these modern days about religion and education, but let me remind you, if I may, that there is no religion and no education of any value, nor has there ever been at any time in the world's history, that fails to teach the obligation of man toward his fellow man. That is the greatest truth of all, and it is by the clearer perception of this great truth that we shall, each in his own way and in his own position, live up to this eternal principle. You are loyal and you are faithful because you clearly see your obligation to your fellow men, and the *P. R. R.* in turn tries in every practical way to be loyal and faithful to you, because its owners and managers, just plain men like ourselves, clearly see their obligation to their fellow men.

Thus, as we grow in mental and moral stature we see the absolute interdependence of capital and labor, and how either must be lost without the support of the other, and just in proportion to our support of this truth in our active lives—just in that proportion can we prove our claim to a peaceful old age and to the honored name of "Veteran."

My friends, I have said that your association is an inspiration. I say more. It is an example to the whole railroad world. It is founded on the rock of common sense and mutual respect. Its tendency is for good and there is a stream of tendency which makes for righteousness.

Long may this Veteran Employees' Association flourish, and be an example and inspiration to the rising generation.

I cannot speak of your association without alluding to the name of your president, whom I am proud to call my friend.

When I first knew Mr. Pitcairn by name only, a great many years ago, I did not contemplate in my philosophy that the future held for me the honor of—

what he has been kind enough to call—a personal friendship with the man, who I do not hesitate to say, has added honor and dignity to our calling—who has penetrated and dug from the hearts of men their virtues and their best qualities, and to whom the railroad world owes a deep and lasting debt of gratitude, and I unhesitatingly say tonight, and say most proudly, that I consider it a great honor to be permitted in this presence to offer my humble tribute to Robert Pitcairn.

Note 1916. Rereading the above in the light of today I can only say that no matter what the change may be that has come over us, my faith has not changed. God moves in a mysterious way to perform His wonders.

LETTER XXVI

THE REVEREND C. M. ROBERTS

I HOPE you will always remember with respect and affection my old friend the Reverend Cassius Marcus Roberts. He was a scholar and an eloquent and gifted preacher. He never used notes in the pulpit. He thought out his sermons carefully and delivered them, so to speak, from the tablets of his memory.

At the time of his death he was associate rector of the Church of the Saviour, Philadelphia. His devotion to his work was intense. It might be compared to the egotism of a mother in her child. Like that egotism it was pure as snow in its impersonality; it was untainted by any grain of vanity or selfish desire.

It is a great love that lives victorious even beneath the shadow of death. Treasure him in your memory for he loved you and in so doing hold fast to your faith, for youth without faith is as day without sun.

It never seemed to me that Roberts had a "fair field"—that he got placed in the right setting, and there is so much in environment. That may sound like a coward's apology, and Heaven knows *he* never made it. The world sees the few who do active things and says "Will can work all things." But what about the fettered eagles who never see the sun; who know

their strength, yet cannot break their prison; who feel their wings, yet never can soar up to meet the sweet western winds of liberty.

Roberts had studied law and been admitted to the bar before he took Holy Orders. Colonel O. C. Bosbyshell, an active and prominent member of the Church of the Savior, has well written of him:

“His legal training showed in his pulpit utterances, the examples used, authorities quoted and systematic presentation of his views exhibited a learned advocate hammering home the convictions of his mind. Few churchmen equaled Mr. Roberts in oratory; he was a trained speaker and his writings are finished compositions.”

* * * *

But I speak of him here as a companion and friend, one rich in intellectual endowment, and of rare personality. He was a manly sterling character. It could be said of him as it has been recorded of John Knox, that “he never feared the face of man.” His was a wholesome, muscular Christianity. Such men as he are the salt of a profession which needs salt more than most. He was endowed with an infinite tenderness of nature; a perfect companion and most amusing. He was broad and liberal in his views, yet he was a true Christian too.

When he went to Kenyon College, certain of the older students believed that as a new comer he should be hazed and in the exuberance of youth they started to get busy, but they poured no liquids down Roberts’ throat, nor did they march him around the campus at dead of night. He proceeded to clean them up on sight, and in such a vigorous manner that the proposed hazing was wound up *before it commenced*. He had a



THE REVEREND C. M. ROBERTS

quick sense of humor too. A certain individual, the town jokesmith, and an overbearing brute he was, undertook to "josh" him and said, "Funny what ideas come into a fellow's head. This morning while dressing I was wondering how, in the future life, I could get my shirt over my wings." Quick as a flash, Roberts said, "Don't let that worry *you*. What you want to think about is how to get your hat over your horns."

And that individual went away sorrowful for he had tackled the wrong clergyman.

* * * *

As a raconteur Roberts was unusually clever and his fund of apt stories seemed inexhaustible. His old story about the Canadian Bishop who attended a church conference at St. Louis is too good not to repeat. The Bishop was the guest of an old family there, and his hostess had directed her servants to address him as "my Lord" according to Canadian and English custom. The Bishop was to leave on an early morning train and breakfast was ordered accordingly. A servant was instructed to knock at the Bishop's bedroom door at a certain hour and say, "My Lord, seven o'clock; breakfast is served." But the servant in the hurry and excitement got the instructions mixed up, and knocking violently at the good man's door, exclaimed, "*Oh, my God, get up; it's seven o'clock.*"

There is a kindred story of a much later vintage, regarding Dr. Brent, the American Bishop of the Philippines, who recently shocked New York society by travelling in the steerage because he believes that "a bishop's place is among the poor." He is the son of a Canadian clergyman, though he now works with

the sister Episcopal Church of the United States. When he visits England his territorial title proves a sore trial to servants, by whom he is sometimes announced as "the Bishop of the Philippians." Once when dining with a leading London Nonconformist he heard himself gravely described as "the Bishop of the Philistines." * * * *

The capability of real friendship was in Roberts. There are scores of persons to whom we may refer as friends, but if we ever stopped to think it over in our inmost hearts we would realize how very few out of the whole mass really deserved the name "friend." One guide to true friendship is this—beware of hastily formed friendships. Those who give their friendship easily, usually withdraw it just as easily, and those who are slow to extend their friendship are usually quite sure and firm in it thereafter. I do not mean to say that no friendships are real which spring up suddenly. Far from it. Some men you grab on sight. But as a rule, friendship itself only comes with slow and gradual growth; it can only be gained by character. Time is the assay that will determine whether it is the iron pyrites of a passing mood or the golden nugget of truth. Constant slow intercourse will bring the real natures to the surface and when the acquaintance is well cemented through mutual knowledge the resulting friendship is apt to be sincere and well founded.

* * * *

Roberts dearly loved a chat and a smoke, and his visits to us both in Pittsburgh and Baltimore were always most welcome. He never disputed my contention that tobacco was one of the blessings of the world

rationally used. In the words of Byron, its smoke is "wafted from Portsmouth to the Pole." In hours of turmoil and problems the wisest and best of us feel better after we light up—seafarers, wayfarers and life-farers are all guarded like the hosts of Israel, through the wastes and wildernesses of existence by a pillar of smoke. DeQuincey says that tobacco is an aid to thought and that a pipe is a true philosopher, for it never asks questions.

But this distinctly applies to men of mature years and to those who use tobacco in moderation, and with whom it agrees. To such there can be no doubt that it represents a harmless form of solace and adds fragrance to existence. The much slandered but ever faithful Lady Nicotine has been the friend and companion of countless sages, philosophers, soldiers and saints. It is equally certain that the prevailing custom of cigarette smoking by boys is injurious, and may lie at the root of a good deal of ill health, dependent on the fact that tobacco acts in youth by checking the nutrition of the frame. Consequently the boy who begins smoking before he has reached maturity lacks common sense if he continues to smoke during the days of his body building. In the matter of smoking, seniors and juniors in our Universities might build up a splendid tradition if they would prohibit freshmen and sophomores from smoking.

Tobacco, also, is sometimes a depressant of good manners, rendering its users heedless of the discomfort they inflict upon other people. Tobacco manners are uncommonly free and bad in this generation. Since cigarettes became the fashion especially, boys and

men seem to feel licensed to smoke them in all places and company. Any man who lights a cigarette or a cigar or a pipe in any house other than his own, without first knowing the views of the head thereof is a boor, in spite of any fancied title to gentility he may possess. He is only equalled by the person who, being invited to dinner, asks at table for something he does not see on it.

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Much the same rule applies to drinking. The young fellow who drinks nowadays is simply a fool. As a matter of fact teetotalism is now good form. That type of person, by some strange paradox said to be "cleverer drunk than sober," is almost, if not quite extinct, if indeed he ever existed. The fallacy that genius is awakened by the inspiration of the heavenly dew is long ago exploded.

Public opinion is frowning down the drinking habit in a way that strikes home. A generation ago everybody dallied more or less frankly with the enemy. The lawyer, the doctor, the banker, the man of affairs began the day with the matutinal cocktail and wasn't entirely out of touch during his waking hours. That is all changed. The man wanted today is the strictly sober one. The men who achieve things worth while—who give real character and strength to nations, are the ones who are temperate in eating and drinking and who refrain from all excesses in the paths of pleasure and self-gratification. The time has come when the young man who drinks can not keep in the front ranks of the procession. He must fall back with the laggards and incompetents even though his ability

and energy under proper conditions entitle him to higher rank. In recent years there has been a marked advance in the cause of sobriety. An intoxicated man is never seen nowadays in business or on the streets. The gulf has widened between the drinker and his sober brother. And while the battle against the "Demon Rum" is far from a rout as yet, certainly much progress has been made.

* * * *

A naval officer who had no patience with drink victims, no patience either with them or their excuses, said to a sailor who had succumbed:

"No, no, Jack. He who says misfortune drove him to drink is putting the cart before the horse."

This is another way of saying that man is not the creature of circumstances. Circumstances are the creatures of man.

* * * *

The time was, too, when an enthusiastic Harvard undergraduate boasted that "we beat Yale in rowing, billiards and *drinking*." For the improvement that has since taken place in this respect among students many things are doubtless responsible. To athletics with all its sins upon its head, must be given some credit, for drinking is quite inconsistent with systematic practice on the track or football field. The great objection to the athletic craze is that it leaves students with little time for outside reading.

* * * *

All of this is a simple statement of fact and no number of arguments, or diagrams, or blue prints could strengthen it. I remember hearing an old gentleman say in the days of my youth, that "no one

should taste liquor of any kind until he was past forty." I suppose he thought he was making a funny remark for it is only fair to state that he must have been long past sixty then, and as he had a decoction of Scotch whisky and water in front of him at the time, his dictum may be subject to some slight discount. Nevertheless it is certain that if a fellow does not drink until after he is forty, he either will never begin to indulge in unholy converse with John Barleycorn, or if he does he will touch the harp very gently.

* * * *

After all is said and done, however, and to be perfectly frank, for my habits are no secret to you, a doubt has long lingered in my mind, no statistics being available, as to whether pie and coffee have not between them filled more premature graves than have tobacco and whisky. I believe the death rate is higher in Maine than in Kentucky. Indeed, it is my firm belief that more people eat themselves into middle-age graves than drink themselves to death. When Cadmus sowed the teeth and men sprang into life he certainly could not have dreamed that teeth would also lay them down. Eating, of course, is one thing. Dining is quite another. A gentleman is at his best when seated at a well-appointed board with good company on either side of him. Good food properly prepared and *wisely diluted* stimulates engaging and profitable conversation. Dining, properly regarded, is not at all a necessity but the most delightful of luxuries. It has been remarked that the success of a dinner depends less upon what is on the table than upon who are on the chairs.

I never touch pie and very rarely coffee and cannot, therefore, as to their character and effect, offer an opinion beyond the bare fact that I am in good health! Being deeply thankful for that blessing, perhaps it might be unwise for one like myself—in the familiar language of the Prayer Book—"of riper years," to experiment. Possibly it might in my case be more prudent to let well enough alone. Changes later in life, like delays are sometimes dangerous. I may be a more or less seasoned worshipper of the vine-wreathed god, but wine has brought me no sorrow. If a glass of wine has been a joy to me, if my pipe has been a friend it has been the companionship of both that I have loved rather than the habit. Perhaps this is all an illusion. I wonder, and wondering prefer to keep my illusion. I am glad to say I have never won a penny over cards. Never lost one. It is worth something to be able to make that statement. I do not ask you not to gamble, but I hope you will not.

If a man is going to drink at all—especially whisky—he should see to it that he uses only the best. Of course some whisky—the whisky for instance an innocent visitor finds in the best New York or Philadelphia hotels—would make any one agree quite sentimentally with the anti-drinking propaganda. As a rule it is vile. This is an expert opinion. I cannot concur in the judgment of the Kentucky gentleman who declared that there is no such thing as bad whisky.

As you will recall, Count Tolstoi made quite a crusade against drinking. No one wrote more sternly and appealingly against the use of liquor in any form. A gentleman, knowing his views, dining with him was

surprised to see him pour claret into his glass and sip it with evident enjoyment. The guest laughed outright, and a smile came into the great man's solemn countenance and his gray eyes sparkled mildly, as he said:

"My doctor has advised me to take a little wine with my meals every day. In principle I am still strongly opposed to it, but I find that it cheers and strengthens me and really does me no harm."

* * * *

There are so many phases of the question. As a train slowed up at a busy country station a man jumped excitedly out of a car.

"There's a woman in here fainted," he cried. "Has anyone got any whisky or brandy? Quick!"

Someone in the crowd on the platform handed him a bottle. He frantically put it to his lips and took a noble pull.

"Ah," he sighed, "that's better. *It always did upset me to see a woman faint.*"

* * * *

There have been other changes. The character of the American people has changed much, and it is changing further. People today think, speak, act, dress quite differently from the way they did not so long ago. We are not as religious as we used to be and certainly not as frugal. We are more emotional and much less governed by conservatism and respect for government and social traditions. There has been quite a change even in the personal habits of men during the past thirty years. It used to be common to see business and professional men, as well as those in public life and holding official positions, wearing silk hats and Prince Albert coats every day

in the week, and if they smoked at all they smoked cigars. Nowadays silk hats are rarely seen and cigarette smoking seems to be quite the thing. I do not think the new fashion is quite so dignified or manly as the old. There are those who think that when the silk hat fell into oblivion man himself fell, even as the angels fall. That apparel oft proclaims the man is a truism that garrulous old Polonius recognized, and he was insistent that Laertes should be richly but not gaudily dressed, and in keeping with his purse and position. A well-dressed man is never conspicuous, and that is a test of good taste. Appropriate attire lends dignity to the wearer:

“And when the king came in to see the guests, he saw there was a man which had not on a wedding garment. And he saith unto him: Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment? And he was speechless. Then said the king to his servants: Bind him hand and foot, and take him away, and cast him into utter darkness;”*

A generation or more ago, too, we had a quiet and limited and withdrawn, but now almost forgotten or extinct class in every community—retiring and reserved people who cultivated their own firesides and were totally unknown in the world of fashion—a distinct class composed of clever people of aesthetic tastes and ideals, interested in literature, philosophy and art—in questions superior to the banalities of the ordinary social world—and considering themselves so far above the common herd as to be quite independent. They were in contact with the sifted and distilled lore of the world—with the best that has been thought and said. The great value of this type in a community was in the example—the ideal it kept before the younger

*St. Matthew, Chapter 22.

generation. A society, hospitable to all talents, frequented by the older and better class figures of the time was naturally attractive and especially useful to ambitious young men. The public of course, as a whole is immensely more clever and better educated than they were, but the place of the class I speak of is vacant. Women, too, were more occupied in domestic cares. Society had not acquired a big S in the modern sense. The forms and ritual which give the ladies of a later day opportunities for snubbing one another were not yet. Nowadays women have taken over everything. Our lives are entirely regulated and run by women, and yet the insatiable creatures clamor for the vote!

A change has come over the spirit of our dreams and it is neither incorrect nor unfair to say that culture has ceased to be a passionate American pre-occupation. There are *proportionally* fewer of our people who care about culture—and who know the real thing when they see it—than there were in these plain-living, more purposeful days. Culture is only a decent economy of human experience and it relates to the mind and to the spirit. There is no money in it perhaps, and this is a commercial age. Possibly this cultural neglect may be partly due to the advance of science, since science takes no account of moral imagination. Science seeks merely to bring things back to literal and physical explanation. To think spiritually is another thing. The camel can get through that needle only if he is seeking the transit for the glory of God. Personality* has ceased to count for much, or if it counts it is for so incredibly short a time that it hardly makes a ripple

*Note 1916. Some years after this was written I found in the *Autobiography of Charles Francis Adams*, page 180, a strong expression of this view.

on the surface of the waters of oblivion to which it is soon consigned by a society without ideals, by a mob of pleasure seekers. The cultivation of the senses came in when the cultivation of the mind went out. It is not a question of wealth alone for we have always had wealthy people, and anyhow wealth is a comparative thing. Personality strode side by side with riches. The intrusion of a blatant element among us has destroyed simplicity. There is everywhere nowadays a relentless chase after the sensations of novelty. Can it be that this chase means the decay of individualism? Some there be who say this Democracy now dotes on paternalism. Is it that our men and women do not dare to be themselves? If individuality is lost our Democracy is lost, and we pass into a realm of *Kultur*—a condition of wearing a mental livery.

We are not only more materialistic but we are more flippant, perhaps it would be better to say less serious minded. Men used to care immensely for education; they felt themselves humble before learning. The old standards have changed. We read fewer and fewer of what are called the classics of literature. Without question the ideals of the medieval warrior who fought like a gentleman and prayed like a monk are obsolete, and perhaps it is well and perhaps not. Nevertheless, in these degenerate days we have a good deal to be thankful for. Life has its compensations. Our parlors have all become drawing rooms, and we are getting along in other ways. The brown stone horrors of the seventies, the flowered carpets have disappeared. The age of the weekly bath, the ghastly crayon, the closed bedroom window is no more.

* * * *

Mr. Roberts had an exceptional gift of memory and he had cultivated it and was familiar with many recorded feats of memory. For example, there was the man who was so thoroughly acquainted with the Bible that if he was questioned as to any Hebrew word in the Old, or any Greek word in the New Testament, he could tell, after a little pause, not only how often the one or the other occurred in the Bible, but also what it meant in every place. This man had a close rival in the historian Macaulay who, according to his biographer, could repeat "all Demosthenes by heart, and all Milton, as well as a great part of the Bible, and the Book of Common Prayer."

The Prayer Book has remained unaltered for more than two hundred and fifty years, though many applications have been made for review, but until the present time these have failed of success. This work has now been undertaken under the authority of a Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, the need for such revision being thus stated in the act creating the commission:

"The law of public worship in the Church of England is too narrow for the religious life of the present generation. It needlessly condemns much which a great section of church people, including many of her most devoted members, value. * * * In an age which has witnessed the most extraordinary revival of religious life and activity the church has had to work under regulations fitted for a different condition of things without that power of self-adjustment which is inherent in the conception of a living Church."

That there should be a manifest unwillingness to change or alter in any way a form of service which has come down to the church through so many generations is understandable. There is a certain majesty of conception in a church using forms sanctioned by the use of centuries. A great church coming down through the ages with a stately ritual speaking of the centuries rather than of the varying currents and fashions of the thought of today makes an appeal to the historical as well as the religious imagination.

How many people do you suppose know that when joining in the "Te Deum" they are carrying on, in one phrase of that song of praise, an ancient blunder, probably a printer's or proof-reader's error? "Make them to be numbered with Thy Saints," so it runs. And so, when manuscript copies gave place to printed books, was it rendered in the medieval Latin then in use "*numerari*," "to be numbered," as we say in English. Transpose the first and third letters and you get "*munerari*," "to be rewarded," which is what all prayer-books would be printing today and congregations singing, were it not for the fifteenth century printer's error.

* * * *

You have heard a great deal about the alleged injustice of the people of England being taxed to support the Established Church. This is all nonsense except to the extent that, as in this country, military and naval chaplains are paid by the State. The State holds in trust for the church that perpetual lien on certain kinds of property which requires the payment of "tithes" to the support of the church. That obliga-

tion was not originally made by law. It was a grant by private owners of land, who centuries ago gave the church perpetually a one-tenth interest in the revenues from those lands. Therefore no owner of the property is "taxed" when the annual revenue from the lien is collected from him. He never owned the church's tenth or tithe.

* * * *

Mr. Roberts had also an unusual power of poetic expression, and true poetry is only philosophy spiritualized by emotion. After his death Mrs. Roberts collected his verses and put them in book form. He dedicated the following lines to our house and family.

FRIENDSHIP IS THAT HOLY ESTATE INTO WHICH NONE
CAN ENTER SAVE ONLY THE ELECT OF GOD

This house that's mine is also thine,
O friend that comes to tarry here;
All welcomes greet thy ent'ring feet,
And every comfort of good cheer.

May all the wealth of gracious health
Still, still be thine through length of days;
And not a fear and not a tear,
And God to keep thee young always.

Bring peace of mind and thou shalt find
A welcome here that never ends;
Within these walls and narrow halls*
There's hearth and home for all our friends.

Joy unconfined shall draw the blind,
And lure old Time to stop and nod;
Our fire alight shuts out the night,
Come in and leave the world to God.

To the best of friends.

C. M. ROBERTS

* * * *

On Christmas eve, 1904, I sent him a message of greeting, and he replied with the following lines which

*This reference is to our Baltimore house, 20 East Eager Street.

are here produced. I only recently noticed that the first verse is not included in his book of published verses.

Dec. 24th, 1904.

"Love and affection always the same."—

William Gibson.

Love and affection always the same,
Always the same though the heavens fall,
The rest is only a gambler's game,
We can learn to smile though we lose it all.

The Winter's snows are the winding sheet,
Where Spring's sweet promise now lies dead;
And the flowers we seek with eager feet
We never grasp till their bloom has fled.

There's a Lure that paints the future fair,
And the boy's heart leaps in noble rage;
But we only walk where the visions were
With the feeble steps of a palsied age.

Oh, reluctant hand of heartless Fate,
Whose bridal gift is an unshed tear;
Our hopes grow old and fruit too late;
But love is young at seventy year.

I ask not Time with his scythe and glass
For the earth beneath or sky above;
With Time they came and with Time they pass,
And I am rich if I have but love.

Dec. 27th, 1904.

C. M. ROBERTS.

God bless you and yours and keep them forever.

Thus to illustrate the affections is to prove that they were made for immortality. Such lines show what great things the human ties are when they bloom from the stock of what Wordsworth called "Christianized humanity."

LETTER XXVII

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

I HAVE elsewhere offered my views on religion and religious life, and it may seem needless to refer again to the subject, and I am only tempted to do so by the exhibitions too frequent in these days of what has been well called *religious vulgarity*, and Pittsburgh has had a surfeit of it. To be sure we must all admit that if any man can stir up practically the entire population and induce them to go to church—if he can by exhortation or example bring any part of the American people back to simplicity in living, love of home and the self-respect that comes only through self-restraint, criticism of his methods seems ill-timed, for if his work has any permanent effect its economic value will be second only to its moral value. Still the fact remains that souls, even of the most emotional people, are not saved by vulgarity and blasphemy, and it is difficult to figure how the noisy clamor of a self-inspired crusader, intoxicated by the enthusiasm of his followers and his own lust of gain, can make for any permanent uplift in a community. He does not argue—he commands. He does not petition—he threatens. Those who differ with him are derided, denounced and driven out. He sets every nerve in a deeply reverent nature tingling with

pain and shame. He claps Jehovah familiarly on the back.

An enterprising statistician asserts that a religious revival usually follows a period of commercial depression. He advances the idea that panics and distress are chiefly caused by extravagance and waste that were essentially immoral, and that a re-awakening of the moral nature was necessary to re-establish our self-restraint which makes for economy, thrift and correct living—that religious fervor, in short, is awakened by adversity. Perhaps I may be intolerant and may be even unjust, but the irresponsible, illiterate and noisy evangelist does not appeal to me. These so-called evangelists ply their trade, pretty much as a showman does, working one locality until they have secured all the money in sight, and leaving behind a crop of converts who soon return to their old habits, much to the hurt of real Christian truth and practice.

Of quite a different stamp were men like Dwight L. Moody and Charles H. Spurgeon, both of whom were laymen, and General William Booth. They were three great preachers of righteousness and I have heard all three of them, but none of them was ever known to utter from pulpit or platform a single word to give offense, neither did any one of them rake in, for his own personal profit, shekels at the rate of \$6000.00 per week clear.

Pretty high-priced preaching, don't you think?

Even Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist, a man who did not rank with the three preachers above named, softened and lighted up his message with beautiful and elevating thoughts. He said, for example, he

didn't care for theology and botany, but he believed in religion and loved flowers. This was getting back to nature and to God in the right way.

* * * *

Few people stop and consider the immense power for good the Salvation Army has been, and one of the most striking personalities I have ever met was General William Booth, its founder. He was a man of outstanding force and genius, and marvellous organizing power. Only a person of the most supreme bravery and optimism could have conceived and written his book, *In Darkest England and the Way Out*. Probably the historian who writes in the latter part of this century will say that the most notable thing that marked the close of the nineteenth century was the rise of the social workers. Possibly he will compare it to the rise of the Wesleys in England a century before.

It is a great movement which seems to be giving to our Protestant people, and especially to our Protestant women, a vent for benevolent activity such as has long been afforded to religious women in the Roman Catholic Church. Of course, charitable work is nothing new among Protestant women, but settlement work and all the kindred activities are new as a calling, and the training of them is new, and the organization and the recognition of the need and usefulness of this sort of work, and the comprehension that it is an immensely remunerative use of life—all that is more or less new. We have a great many people on our hands that need looking after. Many of them are people who have come here through the gates of Castle Garden. Many of them, and most important of all, are

the country dwellers, and the mountaineers previously referred to—out of touch with stimulating influences, and all the knowledge which is necessary to healthy and profitable modern life.

Our schools, that people brag of so much, are still very largely an experiment. We are sure we must have schools, but we are not yet sure what must be taught in them. Our public schools, to be sure, ought to teach the young, teach them that a certain amount of education is necessary to enable them to work intelligently so that they can make their own living.

All of this is good, but somehow there is more to be taught. There is something even more important for work is not the most important function in life. Living is, since living means the formation of character, and that is the chief end, the very meaning of all existence. Incidentally it might be remarked that if our public schools and our high schools fail to instill into their pupils a sense of personal responsibility for nice conceptions of behavior, they fail in a fundamental requirement of good citizenship, for all other qualifications fail to please if the individual still remains a boor in behavior. Their lives are unilluminated by any conscious light from the great poets, essayists and orators. There is too much neglect of the home reading of the classics, too much indifference to the permanent things in literature.

* * * *

And our enormous factories and industrial institutions cannot be left to themselves. The life that goes into them must be safeguarded, or it will be used up like so much straw or wood and turned into manu-

factured goods. Laws will do something, but they will not do much. The chief thing they can do is to give power to intelligence and devotion. The real work must be done by people. A sword is nothing by itself. A surgeon's knife is nothing. A law is nothing by itself. Its application or enforcement makes its worth.

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No religious movement of modern times ever swept around the globe with such phenomenal strides as has the Salvation Army within the last half century. In the latest* census statistics it stood second in the list of those religious bodies whose growth numerically has been greatest. There is hardly a corner of the known world where the Army's flag is not unfurled and where its drum-beat does not, to use Daniel Webster's words, "arouse the martial spirit of its soldiery." We see it everywhere in the United States; we see it in England and the Continent of Europe, but nowhere, we are told, is it more conspicuous than in British India, where conservatism is as proverbial as the leopard's inability to change its spots. The Brahmans number over two hundred millions of human beings. At a convention of 1000 delegates representing the Brahman priesthood, which assembled in solemn conclave to ponder over the present condition of the keepers of the Hindu conscience and to devise means to improve that condition, it was resolved to renounce their opposition to progress! This marks a veritable revolution.

The native Indian press has devoted its columns to generously worded summaries of the Salvation Army's work, because the Salvationists, who have now immense settlements in various parts of India,

*1912

have given ample support to destitute people and helpless children. Where water was scarce they sank wells, and they also distributed food among needy orphans and helpless children. In the Punjab, one of the largest and most populous provinces of India, and in the United Provinces, the work of the Salvation Army has been splendidly successful, and in these districts the executive authorities have *warmly praised the activities of the Army*, and spoken of their achievements in terms of the *highest approbation*. The number of criminal classes has rapidly dwindled as a result of its beneficial influence, and the heads of the police departments in both these provinces have attributed the decrease in crime to its useful activities.

* * * *

But after all, what should concern us most is the condition at our own door. All really good things appear to be on the whole gaining ground in the Western world, except Christianity. Moral and intellectual good is certainly advancing, while the *religion* of Christianity is not keeping pace. That is to say, all good things are on the increase in the world—morals, almsgiving and all the ethereal parts of religion, but *Christianity* as a system of doctrine is not growing stronger. The age, therefore, speaking in this sense, may be said to be growing better, and less Christian together, and this may seem a great trial to faith. It is highly important that the clergy and perhaps more important still that the religious laity should face up to this aspect of the case. For good or evil, the fact must be faced that many men and women are deeply exercised over this problem, and that the ecclesiastical

method of assuming everything to be easy, simple and long ago settled by authority fills them with impatience. Any Church which is to minister to these people and to give them the spiritual religion for which they crave must have in it teachers, philosophers, thinkers, men of insight and daring, with a mission to the Gentiles who are in difficulty about the presuppositions of religion. There be many that say in the present day, who will show us any good? And though there are so many voices which cry out the failure of Christianity, there are many more evidences that Christianity alone possesses the secret of a higher civilization. By all means give science free play, and honest, healthy criticism free play, but let us preserve as the life of our life the Superhuman, Divine, Redemptive element in Revelation. Without this I believe Christianity would be shorn of all its power. And the dream of making it into a merely spiritual morality or highest means of culture, is a vain dream which shall not be at all. A wholesome religion is simply that form of faith which alone has succeeded in making life worth while; which fills it with purpose, dignifies it with value, inspires it with motive, and comforts it with hope. If it doesn't do all this, it is the fault of the man not of the religion. Here we are all fellow travellers. We know not whence we came nor whither we go. We know not our appointed time. There is some power, some mind in the sum of things, that has all these secrets.

* * * *

The onward rush of the modern demands of work and gaiety leave us but little time for thought. Of course, it is true conditions have changed socially, as

well as economically and politically, and it has been declared that the spirit of the age has made it almost impossible for that sober reflection upon life and its purposes and meaning that is necessary to the cultivation of true religious faith and hope. Even in the hours given to physical and mental recreation, such as the vacation season, when men and women seek such retreats and rests as will benefit them bodily, the time is almost wholly given up to such enjoyments and occupations as do not tend to peace and self-examination. Rest is one of the sweetest words in the language. Let us learn from the night, and its blessed restorer sleep. Rest is nothing but repair. It is nature's great system of restoration. Rest is as obligatory on all living things as labor itself. It was the highest wisdom that dictated the day of rest in the Mosaic law, nor has any individual, any more than any nation, ever violated the law of rest without suffering grievous physical consequences. Always remember the precious words of the wise Sancho, "Blessed be the man that invented sleep." Nothing serves like sleep to preserve the delicate tissues of the brain:

O sleep, O gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse!

* * * *

It is common to hear the remark, "religion and politics are barred." Why, everything is Religion and Politics. Nothing is true and nothing false; both are alike. What we Christians mean by Christ, Buddhists mean by Buddha, or Moslems by Mahomet. Credulity is only the other man's faith. What Woodrow Wilson means by a safe, sane and efficient government Mr. Taft probably thinks destructive and revolutionary.

There is something more in Christianity than Christian instinct and Christian conscience, and I seriously believe that many evils have been brought about through the church—all churches—whether they are the same or different—not being dogmatic enough. If once it were made as disgraceful for a man to be dishonest in his daily business—and there are a thousand ways to be dishonest—as it is to cheat in a game of cards, or to fail to meet a moral obligation, or for a soldier to run away in battle, the rest could be left to public sentiment. What the church has to do is to insist upon a high and severe standard and leave it to be applied by and to the human race. Everyone knows in his heart of hearts that the thing that matters is that which “the eye hath not seen, neither hath ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.”

The Japanese are accustomed to say, “I go to cultivate my sentiments,” where an American declares that he is about to take a rest. To “cultivate one’s sentiments” is the most profitable exercise in which the human mind can engage, but it is one to be indulged in only after strenuous exertion and during a period of rest earned twice over. We need a meeting between the self that is real and the self that is only a working machine. We give very little thought to the vital things of life. We seem to care less for sane thought than any historic people. Highly developed as we are along many lines, real happiness we seldom know, because we study happiness least of all things. It is a solemn and responsible thing merely to live in the world. But to live without once pausing to ask,

whence came I, whither do I go, is to lose out of life its highest and noblest prerogative. Character is not formed and perfected in the rush and noise of battle, nor do we gain strength and purpose to do the best things while in the thick of the fight. The great victories of the famous leaders in war were won in the glow of the camp fires, in the silence of the night, when plans were laid for the conflict of the day to come.

What I want you to consider is whether there is not a real loss sustained in the formation of character and in the enrichment of memory, by heedless neglect of self-study and quiet reflection.

* * * *

Literature is inextricably intertwined with religion. There is nothing comparable to the English of the Bible. It is the proudest ornament of our English literature. Here, wrote Macaulay, is:

“A book which, if everything else in our language should perish, would alone suffice to show the whole extent of its beauty and power.”

It was the genius of Tyndale and Coverdale and their successors in the early half of the sixteenth century that forged that wonderful English prose style which culminated in the Authorized Version of the Bible, and it has influenced the whole subsequent course of literary self-expression. And this renaissance of English style ushered in the glorious Elizabethan literature which is the starting point of our modern intellectual and spiritual history. Milton was steeped in it. Ruskin owed his literary power to its influence. Scholarship may be behind much of that beauty which now causes the Scriptural verses to linger in the ear like

sweet music, to dwell in the memory like the sound of church bells, but there is more than scholarship to be thanked for the tenderness and majesty of the holy messages which from the inspired pages, answer all of human nature's moods. There is much more than that. To a purely literary love of the Bible there has been added within recent years — and the addition is expanding — a certain renewed regard for it as the profoundest book of the soul, and for many minds not conventionally religious it has regained even some of its old authority as a spiritual guide and stay. I cite you the unrelated quotations which follow and there are few passages in the whole range of our noble English tongue that have impressed me more.

Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm; for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave; the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.

Song of Solomon, Chap. VIII, Verses 6-7

* * * *

NO ARMOUR AGAINST FATE

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings.
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.
Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still.
Early or late
They stoop to fate,

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH

And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds.

Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley (1596-1666)

* * * *

PEACE IN GOD

Let my soul calm itself in Thee: I say let the
great sea of my soul, that swelleth with waves, calm
itself in Thee. (St. Augustine.)

Life's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and rolled for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion,
As in and out its hollow moanings flow;
Shivering and yearning by that unknown sea.
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain,
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened grain.
Oh, when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in Thee!

Between the mysteries of life and death
Thou standest, loving, guiding, not explaining.
We ask, and thou art silent; but we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear
complaining

No crushing fate; no stony destiny—
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in Thee.

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other lands,
From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores,
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn strand;
This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in Thee.

Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious wheels,
 Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown of power;
 And when the dark enigma presseth sore
 Thy patient voice saith: "Watch with me one hour."
 As sinks the moaning revel in the sea,
 In silent peace, so sinks my soul in Thee.

* * * *

How to resuscitate the decadent country church is another problem which is demanding solution from the religious leaders of the country. The increase of population in our country districts is not rapid, and so in the country churches the utmost the minister can hope for is to keep a few faithful souls together and not lose them to his spiritual competitors. The individual rather than the congregation should be the unit. This is where the get-together spirit should operate. The decay of rural life in this country is imposing serious responsibility upon the Church in general as well as on our statesmen. How serious the situation is may be judged from the authoritative statement that "fully sixty per cent of the churches in small towns, villages, and the open country are dead or dying."

* * * *

Not long ago a parson went to preach in an old remote parish in the southern part of Maine. The aged sexton, in taking him to the place, insinuatingly said:

"I do hope you won't mind preaching from the chancel. Ye see this is a quiet place, no children about, an' I've got a duck a-settin' on fourteen eggs in the pulpit."

* * * *

As these places of worship, districts or parishes, are not endowed as they would be in Scotland and

England, the minister must look for his support to the people, and if the people are poor and can scarcely support themselves and their families, how can they support a minister and his family? In some agricultural districts the prevailing poverty is put down to bad farming, and it has been suggested that the minister should preach the principles of scientific agriculture. The theory is even advanced that he should as a preparation take a two years' course in an agricultural college, the field for the country church being co-extensive with that of the new agricultural and country life.

And the city church is just as badly off; the social organization of the city stands just as much in need of transformation as in the open country.

Why do we see two women at church for every man?

These are questions we would do well to consider seriously. For my own part I have never had the hardihood to discuss them with any one of my clergy-men friends. It looked so much like saying, "It's up to you," and that would be quite unfair; besides, as a constant and hardened sinner, I might promptly and most properly have been told to take the beam out of my own eye. I am not a theologian and perhaps am writing of matters beyond my competence. But the subject is one which is vaguely in all minds, and the clumsiest statement of the case may at least start wiser and abler people to work on it.

The situation is up to every man who pretends to call himself a Christian.

It will do you no harm to think it all over.

LETTER XXVIII

RETURN TO BALTIMORE—1900

*The honor of your presence is requested to attend
a farewell dinner to be given*

MR. WILLIAM GIBSON

*General Superintendent of the Baltimore and Ohio
Railroad, before leaving Pittsburgh to assume higher
duties in Baltimore, on Friday evening, September
the twenty-eighth, nineteen hundred, at half after
seven o'clock. Duquesne Club.*

*An answer is requested before Monday, September
twenty-fourth, to Box 94, Duquesne Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

* * * *

IT was one of the most distinguished and representative gatherings* ever confined within four walls in the city of Pittsburgh that assembled last evening at the farewell dinner given at the Duquesne Club to Mr. William Gibson, retiring general superintendent of the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*. The compensation for Mr. Gibson's departure is the circumstance of his promotion to a higher place and the knowledge that Pittsburgh in losing him as a resident gains another friend in a wider field of usefulness.

The list of those who sat down to dinner with the guest of honor is an index to the best in the city. The

*This is reproduced from the newspaper report.

addresses were noteworthy. The tribute of the chairman and toastmaster of the occasion to our great city and to Mr. Gibson's participation in and furtherance of its greatness, with the latter's reply to it, in which he showed the warmth of his regard for those from whom he parts, won rounds of applause. The address of President John K. Cowen of the *Baltimore and Ohio*, that came next, contained many surprises. Speaking on the new birth of the *Baltimore and Ohio*, he touched with an assuring voice on the vast expenditures of his company, present and to come, the immediate reference being to a contract given the Schoen Pressed Steel Car Company for 6,000 steel freight cars. His tributes to the *Pennsylvania Railroad* management and the character of its competition, to Andrew Carnegie, to our magnificent city and its power and progress, were all greeted with hearty appreciation. Of great significance also was his declaration that Pittsburgh might expect to be favored in export freight rates.

Superintendent Robert Pitcairn also spoke of export freight rates for Pittsburgh in a reassuring manner. "Perorations are all right," said Mr. Pitcairn, following Mr. Cowen, "but it's export rates we want, and Pittsburgh should have better rates than any city in the world."

The climax of the evening's enjoyment came later with the presentation to the guest of honor, Mr. Gibson, of a magnificent silver service, the presentation speech being made by Mr. John Bindley, president of the Chamber of Commerce.

When the beautiful silver service was uncovered Mr. Gibson was simply unable to respond to Mr.

Bindley, and requested Toastmaster Oliver to speak for him. Mr. Oliver requested those present, on behalf of Mr. Gibson, to accept his deep feeling as an appreciation of the spirit in which the handsome gift was made.

The set was engraved as follows:

“To William Gibson, retiring general superintendent *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*, from two hundred of his Pittsburgh admirers.”

After a few final remarks by the toastmaster the brilliant affair closed with the orchestra playing “Auld Lang Syne,” the diners joining in the song. An informal reception to out-of-town guests followed, and it was after 1 o’clock when the last guest had departed.

The balconies overhanging the dining hall were lavishly decorated with flowers and plants. Worked out in crimson flowers on the orchestra balcony was the device “B. & O.” A floral freight car marked “B. & O.” fronted the toastmaster and the guest of the evening.

There was a letter of regret from C. L. Magee, “whose absence we deplore,” said the toastmaster, “almost as much as we regret the departure of the guest of the evening.” There were others from C. M. Schwab, Oscar G. Murray, F. D. Underwood, H. W. Oliver, George F. Randolph, H. C. Frick, L. F. Loree, James McCrea, Charles E. Speer, Joseph Woods, E. M. O’Neill, J. M. Schoonmaker, and many others. Preceding the reading of these at the opening of the dinner, the Reverend Robert Waddington Grange, of the Church of the Ascension, invoked a blessing.

RETURN TO BALTIMORE

TOAST OF THE EVENING

TRIBUTE IN THE NAME OF A CITY OF GREAT THINGS PAID
TO MR. GIBSON BY GEORGE T. OLIVER

In calling on those assembled to drink to the health of the guest of the evening, Mr. George T. Oliver* spoke as follows:

“Of all the noted men of antiquity, I think I most admire that fine old writer and orator, and fighter, and boaster, St. Paul the apostle; and of all the sayings of that remarkable man, the one which appeals to me most and brings the readiest response from my breast, is the passage in which he proclaims at once his pride of ancestry and his attachment to his birthplace, and says, ‘I am a Jew of Tarsus, a city of Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city.’

“We who are gathered here tonight, representing the varied interests of the wonderful district in which we live, and especially those of us who have marked its many strides to eminence during the last quarter of a century, can appreciate the feelings which must have animated the noble old apostle and can share his enthusiasm, as we also can proclaim ourselves ‘citizens of no mean city.’ Pittsburgh is a marvel. And by Pittsburgh I mean not simply the locality commonly known by that name and containing a few hundreds of thousands of people, but the great hive of industry extending from the mountains almost to the lakes, the magnitude of whose resources few can appreciate. Before the nineteenth century was half over Pittsburgh had already made such progress in iron manufacture that she was known as the ‘Iron City.’ A generation ago one of her own gifted citizens, little known even in his own time and who now sleeps in a forgotten grave, celebrated her praises in rugged lines which, looked

*Note 1914. Now United States Senator. Than Senator Oliver it is possible that what is known as the Pittsburgh *district*, and in the broad geographical sense it extends from Youngstown to Wheeling, has never in its history sent to the Senate a member so meritorious—so well equipped with an intimate and practical working knowledge of the district and its needs, and Pittsburghers may well be proud of George T. Oliver and his splendid record of service in Washington.

upon in the light of after events, read more like a prophecy than a song:

“My Father was Mighty Vulcan,
 I am Smith of the land and sea,
 The cunning spirit of Tubal Cain
 Came with my marrow to me.
 I think great thoughts, strong winged with steel,
 I coin vast iron acts,
 And weld the impalpable dreams of seers
 Into utile lyric facts.

“I am monarch of all the forges,
 I have solved the riddle of fire,
 The Amen of Nature to the need of man
 Cometh at my desire.
 I search with the subtle soul of flame,
 The heart of the rocky earth,
 And hot from my anvils the prophecies
 Of the Miracle-years blaze forth.

“I am swart with the soot of my chimneys,
 I drip with the sweat of toil;
 I quell and sceptre the savage wastes,
 And charm the curse from the soil.
 I fling the bridges across the gulfs
 That holds us from the To-Be,
 And build the roads for the bannered march
 Of crowned humanity.”

“Pittsburgh is a city of superlatives. Whatever she does is done on the largest possible scale. She makes the largest rails for the greatest railway systems in the world; the largest beams for the greatest buildings. Her giant plants in iron and steel manufacture are known the world over and outrank in size and equipment anything on the face of the earth. In glass manufacture she distances all her competitors. She has the finest electrical plant and the largest cork factory and the greatest car works in the world. She sends pickles and preserves to feed the armies of Boer and Briton in South Africa and of the allied forces of Christendom in farther China. She hides in odd corners of her anatomy a hundred industries, any one

of which would make the reputation of an ordinary city, but which here are lost in the immensity of their surroundings. She is the greatest tonnage producer in the universe, and pays to the transportation companies the highest rates of freight to carry her wares to the market.

"We, my friends, representative Pittsburghers as we are, have met to do honor to one who, though he has lived but four short years among us, has in that time demonstrated his right to be considered in every respect a representative and distinguished Pittsburgher. It is not simply because he is a good fellow that we offer him this tribute. It goes without saying that all railroaders are good fellows as a matter of course. It is not alone because he has shown himself able, courteous and diligent in the highest degree, in the discharge of his official duties. There are many other men just as able, courteous and diligent as he; but it is because from the very moment of his coming among us he considered himself a Pittsburgher as well as a railroad man, and *became thoroughly imbued with the spirit of our people and a desire for their advancement and prosperity*. We welcomed his coming and we speed his parting with our best wishes for his prosperity and happiness in the new field to which duty calls him.

"Gentlemen, I beg to offer the toast of the evening—Our Guest."

RESPONSE BY MR. GIBSON

Mr. Gibson was visibly touched by the sentiments of esteem as expressed by the toastmaster. His reply was as follows:

"Mr. Toastmaster, My Friends and Neighbors:

"When I took my place at your table and saw this beautiful floral box car before me, constructed on P. R. R. specifications, my breath for a moment was almost taken away, but I instantly took courage and

silently thanked God that you come to praise—not to bury me.

“One rarely discovers what his neighbors think of him until after he has gone away, and then not always at first hand. I will not attempt to disguise that I am breaking my stay among you with feelings of great regret. You all know of the Pittsburgher who lay upon his couch faint, sick, wan, and to all appearances nigh unto death. One of his neighbors who called to see and console him told him to be of good cheer, he was going to a better place. The sick man raised himself on his elbow, and with an air of conviction, said, ‘A better place? There is no better place than Pittsburgh.’

“I am no stranger—and I make the statement with the most sincere gratitude—I am no stranger to the warmth of Pittsburgh hearts. I came to Pittsburgh not so very long ago, and after penetrating the armor plate of Pittsburgh reserve you made me feel at home. The difference in men is largely the difference in that armor plate. Pierce that and in the best specimens of the race we uncover the fundamentals of manhood. You made me feel as if I had been born and reared among you. If I were to be born again I believe I would select Allegheny county, Pennsylvania—that does not necessarily imply that I did not make a good selection the first time. I am sure my friend Mr. Pitcairn will sustain me in that statement.

“Gentlemen, I will not attempt to disguise that the expression of your good will as manifested by this gathering, affords me an unspeakable gratification. I look upon it as a recognition of the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*. I look upon it as an evidence of the fact that the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad* has entered into and has become more and more a factor in the throbbing daily life of this great manufacturing community. I look upon it as evidence that we of the railroads, and you, the manufacturers and business men, are drawing closer

together. I look upon it as a recognition of the fact that our interests run in parallel lines. There will and must arise points of difference to be discussed and settled between us, but approached in a spirit of confidence and good will, and with a broad and intelligent appreciation of the needs, an equitable solution should never be hard to discover.

“It is not so long ago that when anyone wished to go to New York in the very worst way he was advised to take the *Baltimore and Ohio*. Nowadays when we wish to go to New York in the very best way we call up the *Baltimore and Ohio* ticket office at least two days before and secure a section on the Duquesne Limited. Gentlemen, a great change has been wrought, and it is a very real one. I believe you will agree with me if I venture to make a statement. The statement is this: Than the changed condition, to which I have made a playful allusion, nothing more vitally affecting the best interests of Pittsburgh has been accomplished in years. Nor was this change effected by a wave of the magician’s wand. Sitting at your hospitable board tonight is one of the gentlemen whose work and sagacity and wisdom were instrumental in making it possible. It is not necessary in a gathering of Pittsburgh business men to do more than merely mention his name to elicit a manifestation of respect and of grateful and hearty appreciation. It is needless to say that I refer to my honored chief—Mr. Cowen.

“While the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad* has been largely benefited by the business of Pittsburgh, and is possessed of a lively hope of favors yet to come, there can be no impropriety in my saying at this time, and in this place, that the *Baltimore and Ohio* is also a steady contributor to the full dinner bucket. I find that our disbursements in this district for pay rolls and the purchase of equipment and general supplies average \$10,000,000 per annum.

"In going away from Pittsburgh, I bid you a kindly and affectionate good-bye, and with an honest purpose, I make the statement that nothing affecting the welfare of this community can ever fail to be of more than ordinary interest to me. I have lived among you long enough to know you, and to understand and appreciate the value and the importance of the business of Pittsburgh, and if in the discharge of my new duties I should fail to do full justice to Pittsburgh, I shall signally fail in my duty to the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*.

"Speaking on my own personal behalf and on behalf of those who are nearest and dearest to me, I say tonight with a full heart and feelings of gratitude, such as are not often awakened, that I bear, and shall ever bear, a profound sense of your kind and generous and affectionate greeting which it is impossible for me to express in words."

PRESIDENT COWEN'S SPEECH

Hon. John K. Cowen, president of the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*, was pleasantly introduced by the toastmaster, and as he rose the orchestra played, "My Maryland."

Mr. Cowen declared it to be a great gratification to him to know that an officer who had served the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad* so well had deserved such a compliment. Speaking for the corporation he said he owed the people of Pittsburgh an apology for its past, and said its sins, however, were sins of omission and not of commission. He then turned to the reform of policy. "For myself," said he, "my connection with the road dates back but four or five years." He told of his initial venture of large moment in the road's behalf, when, as one of the receivers of the *Baltimore*

and *Ohio* he made the famous purchase of steel rails from Mr. Peacock and others, as he put it, at \$16 a ton. "I grabbed," said he, "all a receiver could grab, and like the country storekeeper, who bought sugar at 7 cents a pound and sold it at 37, made a fortune."

"The difficulty in trying to serve the interests of Pittsburgh," said he, "is in doing in two or three years what should have been spread over 30 years. During the receivership \$30,000,000 was spent for equipment. I told a banker in New York that of \$3,000,000 spent for equipment only \$350,000 was put ahead of the first mortgage bonds. It was all done on this principle. I made it my object to see that no one who lent to the *Baltimore and Ohio* lost a cent and that stockholders who had the courage to hold on to their stock would, in the future, realize what they should on their investment. As I explained to the New York bankers, \$200,000,000 of investment had only a junkshop value until vitalized by equipment."

Much of this equipment, he stated, was bought in Pittsburgh, and though the company expects to reap a large revenue from this city, it will leave here much more than it takes out.

"We have contracted," he said, "for a consumption that would make up ten of the largest merchantmen that cross the Atlantic."

This statement referred to the fact that Mr. Cowen while in the city yesterday left a contract with the Schoen Pressed Steel Car Company for 6,000 freight cars.

"Four thousand of these cars," said he, "are for the Pittsburgh trade and it is but a half-way house for a larger and greater order."

It is also reported Mr. Cowen will give the Carnegie Steel Company an order for 40,000 tons of steel rails.

"To state the tonnage of this place," said Mr. Cowen, dwelling in this connection on the greatness of Pittsburgh, "stated in the railroad unit of ton miles, is but to state the distance to the furthest stars and requires an astronomer to understand it. This infant industry of yours," referring to the Schoen Company,* "requires more steel than all the ship-building industries of the United States, and is but the beginning.

"The *Baltimore and Ohio*," said he, "is a great undeveloped trunk line. The *Pennsylvania Railroad*, under the wisest of management—men of imagination who caught the future—have for 30 years been fitting themselves for this great traffic of which they were the inheritors. They spent \$40,000,000 to develop the coal traffic of this region when the *Baltimore and Ohio* had not spent twenty-five cents. Then came along other roads to get a share in it and they took it out of the *Baltimore and Ohio's* half."

He spoke of the vast work of reducing the grades along the line of the road and with a delicate reference to what had been accomplished by men of imagination turned to Mr. Westinghouse, saying, "I expect my friend on the left to solve the problem of reducing the mountains."

Reverting again to the *Pennsylvania Railroad* in connection with his own road, he said: "These railroads are working together. They are rivals, but not in the old sense. There is competition, but it is according to the rules of the game, and these do not permit you to hamstring your neighbor's horse or poison his oats.

*Now the Pressed Steel Car Company.

The president of the *Pennsylvania* system, Mr. Cassatt, is teaching that lesson. He has the courage to use the greatest instrument in human hands to accomplish that great reform. It is an instrument with 100 times greater capital and twenty times more men than the East India Company had when, under Clive, it drove the French colors from the Orient and the Dutch army and navy from the mouth of the Ganges, and made the Union Jack to float over 200,000,000 people. He has been successful in harmonizing the great lines and those tributary to them and producing that harmonious co-operation which, while it does not prevent competition, prevents the hamstringing of the neighbor's horse or the poisoning of his oats.

"Secret rates and rebates have no existence and do not exist. You have, it is true, your local questions of export freight rates. But you have your advocates in both companies. Your interests can be served without building a new railroad. It would be cheaper for you to buy the *Baltimore and Ohio* at the present market price of its capital stock. The present problem will be solved and your products will go into foreign markets in spite of the differences of today."

Mr. Cowen then turned to the "higher things," paying a handsome tribute to Mr. Carnegie and the magnificent library founded by him. "There are men in Pittsburgh," said he, in conclusion, "whose ring is purer than gold."

AN ODE TO THE GUEST

Judge W. D. Porter of the Superior Court was then introduced. After some preliminary remarks of a most

complimentary character directed to Mr. Gibson, followed by a very humorous introductory and excuse for inflicting poetry upon the assemblage, Judge Porter read from manuscript the following poem:

To William Gibson, with Apologies to Ben King:

If I should die tonight,
 And you should come to my cold corpse and say,
 "Gibson cuts this town for Baltimore,"
 I'd ask you mighty quick
 "Where did you cohort last night?
 Who filled your pipe, with what,
 To justify so rank a libel 'gainst so good a name?"

If I should die tonight,
 And you would wrangle my cadaver so,
 And I'd believe that town had played us foul,
 And worked their blandish
 On a Thane like him,
 To leave from here for there,
 For lucre, honor, power or need;
 And he was tempted by their proffer,
 I'd sack their homes
 And shove those oyster pirates to the sea;
 I'd anchor him to Smithfield bridge,
 And then lie down again.

If I should die tonight
 And Gibson'd come in chortling glee
 To chuckle o'er his shove,
 I'd say, "Go to and try it on;
 There's money, fame and friends down there,
 You leave all these and better here
 Come once a year,
 With switches locked and stubs all out,
 To taste the tang of friendship not forgot,
 You'll find it picturesque enough
 Without the B. & O."
 So on for time, till pay-days stop
 And crews line up for rata's,
 Get a decree from the "Last Receiver,"
 Call in the flag,
 Head on for the dusty Terminal,
 And there stay dead forever.

RETURN TO BALTIMORE

If I should die tonight
And you should raise my wraith
By such bedevilishness,
And Gibson'd go,
I'd fear he'd softened in his head.
I'd take my *Gibson* straight
While William drank salt water.
I'd feel both glad and sad,
I'd wish him well, but rather'd
Have him stay with me and sleep it out
Than take his chances there.
Inveiglers, hail him as our best;
Treat him to his just deserts:
Sicken him of yourselves,
And send him back to my smoky welcome arms,
Then, well—I'll forgive the crime
Of tempting him when weak.

SEVERAL SHORT ADDRESSES

SUPERINTENDENT PITCAIRN, JUDGE BUFFINGTON AND
THE REV. C. M. ROBERTS IN HAPPY REMARKS

MR. PITCAIRN'S ADDRESS

Mr. Oliver, saying that there were other railroads than the *Baltimore and Ohio*, and other Scotchmen than Mr. Gibson, called on Robert Pitcairn. When the latter rose the band struck up "Annie Laurie," and the guests cheered him to the echo. He caused a great deal of laughter. He said in part: "As a Pittsburgher I want to say to the young president of the *Baltimore and Ohio* that perorations are all right, but it is export rates we want. As to his definition of competition there is no need to poison oats and hamstring horses. It's the best horse with the best jockey that wins." This sally caused an uproar of merriment. He paid a great tribute to Mr. Gibson, saying:

"There never was a railroad official sent here by the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad* company who commanded a greater regard from the citizens of Pittsburgh than

the man about to leave the city. For 50 years, man and boy, I have been boss of Pittsburgh. About four years ago the *Baltimore and Ohio* sent a man—a brother Scot—who, I found, was trying to be a second ‘R. P.’—the impudence of the man.”

Judge Joseph Buffington, of the United States Court, in a clever little speech told many anecdotes, always aptly turning them either to railroads or to the credit of the guest of honor. He concluded by saying he hoped the creditors of the *Baltimore and Ohio* would be paid in good honest American money in the gold standard, which caused a whirlwind of applause from the guests and was the only political allusion during the evening.

REVEREND MR. ROBERTS’ HAPPY REMARKS

Toastmaster Oliver, then, in a few well-chosen remarks, introduced the Rev. C. M. Roberts—Rector of St. Timothy’s Episcopal Church of Massillon, O., and between whom and Mr. Gibson a strong friendship exists. Mr. Roberts also started in a witty vein and followed it with some highly-commendable remarks about Pittsburgh. He spoke of its reputation throughout the world and the extent of its trade.

In this respect he remarked that “wherever you go, to the Soudan, to the Suez Canal, to Shanghai or San Francisco, there you feel the throb of the iron pulse of Pittsburgh. But no matter how great the treasures of this country,” continued the speaker, “there must be men to work, to plan and improvise if a result is to be obtained. It is just such men as William Gibson who develop such great gifts and riches.”

Mr. Roberts said that it was just as necessary to have men of the cloth in our midst as men of any other

profession or work. Although ministers were never known to work, yet their reason for being here was great, for, "while others are making of these vast treasures a garden fit for the gods, it is our work to make gods fit for the garden."

PRESENTATION BY MR. BINDLEY

To Mr. John Bindley, president of The Chamber of Commerce, was assigned the task of presenting to Mr. Gibson the beautiful silver service, which he did in the following remarks:

"The very pleasing duty has been allotted to me of saying a few words as an expression of the good feelings existing between the business men of Pittsburgh and you.

"Scarcely four years ago you came unheralded into our community. Our portals were thrown open, and the glad hand of welcome extended. The position you were called upon to fill by the corporation placing you here was an important one—the manner, ability and fidelity with which you assumed and discharged the duties thereof have been fraught with much benefit to our locality, and it may not be out of place to say that you came—you saw—you conquered.

"When fairly within our gates, in your own genial manner, you accepted and entered into the spirit of our welcome; you became interested in our welfare and studied the wants of this district; you enlisted on the side of progress, giving your individuality and influence, aiding by official words, acts and otherwise in the extension and enlargement of the greatness of Pittsburgh.

"Your paramount idea seemed to be advancement along broad gauge lines for the furtherance of your company's concern, as well as to enlarge commercially

and improve the material interest of your adopted city. You accepted the opportunities as they offered, and in so doing have advanced in the greatest possible manner the interests of the railroad you represented.

“The aggressive spirit of which you are possessed was what was required to intelligently look after and extend the interest you came to superintend, as today the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad* is an important factor in the interest and welfare of this great tonnage producing district.

“In congratulating you upon your advancement (in the midst of our felicitations) we cannot avoid a feeling of regret, as we realize that the gain to Baltimore is our loss. Allow me to extend to you the assurance that you carry into your new and higher fields of usefulness the most profound respect and best wishes of not only your personal friends, but of this business community, and we hope the same progressive spirit, controlled by your Scottish acumen, will enable you to be of more service than ever to the great interest you are to subserve.

“Permit me on behalf of and in the name of a few of your admiring friends to present you with this silver service. Kindly accept this token, not for any intrinsic value that it may contain, but as an expression of the high esteem in which you are held by our people. Cherish it for the pleasing remembrances it may recall to your mind in the future, and feel assured that the best wishes of the donors follow you in every step in life you may take, and to none will more pleasure be given than they as they watch you on your onward march to those fields where your talents and abilities may find greater usefulness.”

GUESTS AT THE DINNER

The following is a complete list of the guests at the farewell dinner to Mr. Gibson:

RETURN TO BALTIMORE

W. L. ANDREWS, B. & O. R. R. Co.	REV. R. W. GRANGE, Ascension Church
J. S. ARNOLD, S. Ewart & Co.	GEO. S. GRISCOM, Pennsylvania Lead Co.
GEO. P. BALMAIN, Pittsburgh Printing Co.	E. H. GOODMAN, Union Switch & Signal Co.
J. G. BENNETT, J. G. Bennett & Co.	J. E. GALBRAITH, B.&O.R.R.Co., Cleveland, O.
JOHN BINDLEY, Bindley Hardware Co.	GEO. S. GARRETT, National Tube Co.
WILLIAM BOYD, American Sheet Steel Co.	J. M. GUFFEY, Oil Producer
L. R. BROCKENBROUGH, B. & O. R. R. Co.	J. M. HASTINGS, Lumber Dealer, 541 Wood St
W. HARRY BROWN, W. H. Brown's Sons.	J. S. HUMBIRD, Washington Carbon Co.
S. S. BROWN, W. H. Brown's Sons.	PENNOCK HART, McIntosh, Hemphill & Co.
W. S. BROWN, W. S. Brown's Sons	F. J. HEARNE, National Tube Co.
HON. JOS. BUFFINGTON, Judge U. S. Court	A. M. JENKINSON, The R. & W. Jenkinson Co.
HENRY BUHL, Jr., Boggs & Buhl	W. H. KEECH, W. H. Keech & Co.
A. J. BARR, Post Printing Co.	H. J. LAWRENCE, Pittsburgh Coal Co.
H. B. BOPE, Carnegie Steel Co.	THOMAS LYNCH, H. C. Frick Coke Co.
E. H. BANKARD, B. & O. R. R. Co.	HOMER LINDSAY, Carnegie Steel Co.
JOHN K. COWEN, Pres. B. & O. R. R. Co.	W. C. MAGEE, H. C. Frick Coke Co.
J. D. CALLERY, United Traction Co.	H. M. MATTHEWS, B. & O. R. R. Co.
J. A. CHAMBERS, American Window Glass Co.	WILLIAM METCALF, Braeburn Steel Co.
F. L. CLARK, American Steel Hoop Co.	W. I. MUSTIN, Geo. B. Hill & Co.
D. M. CLEMON, Carnegie Steel Co.	THOMAS MORRISON, Carnegie Steel Co.
T. C. CARSON, Carnegie Steel Co.	FRANK MOORE, Pittsburgh Malleable Iron Co.
F. A. DEAN, P. & L. E. R. R. Co.	W. T. MANNING, Consulting Engineer, Balti- more, Md.
CHAS. DONNELLY, Pittsburgh Milling Co.	J. A. MURRAY, B. & O. R. R. Co.
B. W. DUER, B. & O. R. R. Co.	JAMES H. McCUTCHEON, Keystone Rolling Mill Co.
WM. DIEHL, Mayor City of Pittsburgh	JOHN L. McCUTCHEON, Attorney-at-Law
W. P. DE ARMIT, New York & Cleveland Gas Coal Co.	WM. G. McCANDLESS, W. G. McCandless & Son
THOS. DE DESSEWFFY, Austro-Hungarian Consul	D. T. McCABE, Pennsylvania R. R. Co.
R. FINNEY, Pittsburgh Junction R. R. Co.	GEO. E. McCAGUE, Carnegie Steel Co.
GEO. FLINN, Booth & Flinn	J. R. MCGINLEY, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
WILLIAM FLINN, Booth & Flinn	M. K. McMULLIN, The M. McMullin Co., Bankers and Brokers
A. FRENCH, A. French Spring Co.	COL. CHAMBERS McKIBBIN, Secretary and Treasurer Duquesne Club
PHILO N. FRENCH, A. French Spring Co.	WILLIAM McCONWAY, The McConway-Torley Company
ROBT. S. FRAZER, Judge Common Pleas Court	JOHN McLEOD, Carnegie Steel Co.
WILLIAM GIBSON, B. & O. R. R. Co.	
D. L. GILLESPIE, D. L. Gillespie & Co.	
T. H. GIVEN, Farmers Deposit National Bank	

LETTERS TO MY SON

CHAS. T. NEALE, Kittanning Iron Co.	HON. R. STALNAKER, Wheeling, W. Va.
GEO. F. NEALE, Standard Plate Glass Co., Butler, Pa.	C. M. SCHWAB, Carnegie Steel Co.
GEO. S. OLIVER, Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette	W. H. SCHOEN, Pressed Steel Car Co.
GEO. T. OLIVER, Pittsburgh Commercial Gazette	C. T. SCHOEN, Pressed Steel Car Co.
JAMES B. OLIVER, Oliver Iron & Steel Co.	J. L. D. SPEER, J. L. D. Speer & Co.
HON. JAMES W. OVER, Judge Orphans' Court	CHAS. A. SPEER, Jr., J. L. D. Speer & Co.
A. C. OVERHOLT, United States Cast Iron Pipe and Foundry Co.	S. L. SEYMOUR, Pennsylvania R. R. Co.
ROBERT PITCAIRN, Pennsylvania R. R. Co.	P. H. SKELDING, Cashier First National Bank
ROBT. PITCAIRN, Jr., Keystone Coal & Iron Company	CHAS. SELDEN, B. & O. R. R. Co.
A. R. PEACOCK, Carnegie Steel Co.	WM. SCHOYER
HON. W. D. PORTER, Judge Superior Court	J. F. TOWNSEND, National Tube Co.
CHAS. A. PAINTER, Henry Sproul & Co.	FRANK TORRANCE, Standard Mfg. Co.
J. W. PATTERSON, Patterson & McNeeld	W. D. UPTGRAFF, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co.
H. S. PAUL, Verona Tool Works, Verona, Pa.	E. H. UTLEY, B. & L. E. R. R.
LAWRENCE C. PHIPPS, Carnegie Steel Co.	C. A. TERRY, Westinghouse Electric & Manu- facturing Co., New York
CHAS. B. PRICE, A. V. R. R. Co.	GEO. M. VON BONNHORST, Recorder Alle- gheny County
HON. W. P. POTTER, Judge Supreme Court, Pennsylvania	B. C. VAUGHAN, P. & L. E. R. R. Co.
DR. B. S. RALSTON, Penn Ave. and Main St.	GEO. I. WHITNEY, Whitney & Stephenson
DANIEL C. RIPLEY, United States Glass Co.	GEO. WESTINGHOUSE, Jr., Westinghouse Air- brake Co.
HON. JAMES H. REED, Knox & Reed	H. H. WESTINGHOUSE, Westinghouse Air- brake Co.
DR. W. F. ROBESON, 71 Westinghouse Bldg.	ALBERT S. WHITE, American Steel Hoop Co.
REV. C. M. ROBERTS, Massillon, Ohio	ALAN W. WOOD, American Sheet Steel Co.
C. A. ROOK, Pittsburgh Dispatch	W. W. WILLOCK, Monongahela Connecting R. R. Co.
E. D. SMITH, B. & O. R. R. Co.	J. C. WHITNEY, Merchants & Miners Trans- portation Co., Baltimore, Md.
COL. NORMAN M. SMITH, Fifth Ave. and Beechwood	C. S. WIGHT, B. & O. R. R. Co.
P. F. SMITH, American Sheet Steel Co.	J. B. YOHE, P. & L. E. R. R. Co.

* * * *

Among other messages the following were read by
the Toastmaster:

RETURN TO BALTIMORE

TELEGRAM

Mt. Pocono, Pa., Sept. 28, 1900.

THE GIBSON DINNER COMMITTEE,
Duquesne Club, Pittsburgh.

It is a matter of keen regret that I shall be unable to attend the dinner given in honor of Mr. Gibson this evening. The local management of the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company* since Mr. Gibson has been in charge has been as broad and progressive as even the most enthusiastic Pittsburgher could desire. His removal to a sphere of higher usefulness will be beneficial to the company and I trust to himself but it will be none the less Pittsburgh's loss. May good luck attend him wherever he goes.

(Signed) C. L. MAGEE.

FRIENDSHIP HILL

New Geneva, Fayette County, Penna.

To WILLIAM GIBSON, Esq.

Duquesne Club, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Your friends at Friendship Hill send their congratulations on your promotion, but most deeply regret that it will deprive them of the pleasant intercourse they have enjoyed with you during the past few years.

(Signed) JAMES MCCREA G. M. LAUGHLIN

H. C. FRICK A. H. CHILDS

Sept. 28th, 1900. JOSEPH WOOD CHAS. E. SPEER.

TELEGRAM

A. R. PEACOCK, New York, Sept. 28, 1900.
1st V. P. Carnegie Steel Co., Pittsburgh.

Convey my regrets at dinner tonight. Only the great urgency of the business in hand could prevent my being present. Kindest regards to Gibson.

C. M. SCHWAB.

* * * *

The morning papers editorially commented on the occasion.

* * * *

Pittsburgh Gazette

SERVED BOTH RAILROAD AND CITY

What an earnest, intelligent railroad man can do to make both himself and his road popular in a community by identifying himself with the interests and

needs of the public not less than with those of his corporation is handsomely illustrated in the local comments upon the promotion of Mr. William Gibson from the superintendency of the Pittsburgh District of the *Baltimore and Ohio* road to a more responsible post in the management of the system at large. Mr. Gibson has been but a few years in Pittsburgh. Yet his success in meeting the wants of the Pittsburgh District shippers and the traveling public, as well as in promoting the development of large industries on the *Baltimore and Ohio* line, has led to spontaneous and significant expression of regret all around because of his departure. The secret of the general good will to Mr. Gibson seems simple enough. He showed from the day he first came to Pittsburgh that he realized the interests of his road and of the people doing business in his district were bound up in common; and that in always going the limit to serve and oblige his patrons he was also doing the very best possible for his company.

The period of Mr. Gibson's service here has been coincident with developments of the *Baltimore and Ohio*, which promise great prosperity. The index of an industrial community's progress is to be found in the prosperity of its railroads. The index of a railroad's possibilities is to be found in the resources of the community it serves. While Pittsburgh will regret to lose a railroad man who served the city so loyally and intelligently as Mr. Gibson has done, it will be glad both of his promotion and of the further fact that his experience here must always insure the Pittsburgh District of having a "friend at court" in the still higher councils of the general management of the company to which he has been called.

* * * *

Pittsburgh Post

THE FAREWELL TO MR. GIBSON

The farewell dinner last evening at the Duquesne Club to Mr. William Gibson, of the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*, was not only an expression of personal good will, but a prophecy in its conception and developments of the good and better understanding so much to be desired between the shipping community and the masters of the great transportation lines of this country. The addresses were unexpectedly full of meaning and the occasion one long to be remembered by all who participated. Mr. Gibson bears with him the heartfelt expression of the community's good will, substantially expressed. We wish him continued and abundant success in his new field, in which he will remain in touch with the interests of this city.

* * * *

Pittsburgh Dispatch

MR. GIBSON'S DEPARTURE

The departure of William Gibson, superintendent of the Pittsburgh Division of the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*, from this city will be regretted by the business community. During his residence here Mr. Gibson performed valuable service in affording increased transportation facilities and in bringing about a more cordial understanding between the railroads and the public. He did this in such a manner as to make for himself a host of friends in a remarkably short time. No better evidence of this and the high esteem in which he is held here could have been afforded than by the farewell banquet of honor which was tendered him at the Duquesne Club on Friday evening. This was participated in by a large gathering of leading citizens representing all branches of business and the professions, who by their presence, actions and utterances accurately represented the sentiment of the whole business public toward the guest of the evening.

While there will be sincere regret at Mr. Gibson's departure from Pittsburgh, it will be tempered by the fact that he only leaves for the purpose of assuming a higher office for the same company, a promotion well earned by his efficient work here. In his new position he will still be able to keep a supervisory eye upon the conduct of his company's affairs in Pittsburgh, and the people of this city will feel sure that, although his residence will be no longer among them, his past good record will be a guarantee of his future interest in their welfare.

* * * *

Mr. James McCrea, President of the *Pennsylvania Railroad*, for many years honored me with what he was gracious enough to treat as a personal acquaintance, and his letter next following is characteristic of the man. He was never too busy nor too great to forget others of infinitely less importance than himself, and his courtesy was unfailing.

1003 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

My dear Mr. Gibson: October 2, 1900.

We had a most comfortable trip to Point Marion and a charming visit to Mr. Speer's at Friendship Hill.

It is a great many years since I had passed over the *Baltimore and Ohio* between Pittsburgh and Connellsville and was much pleased at its admirable condition. I spent two years, 1865 to 1867, on the surveys for the extension from Cumberland to Connellsville and Chambersburg through Beford, with lateral lines up the Youghiogheny, Castleman, and Monongahela Rivers. I also ran a line of check levels from Connellsville to Pittsburgh on the road-bed of your present line; it was then probably the worst railroad I have ever seen—today it is one of the best.

With thanks for your kindness in arranging for our trip, believe me to be,

Very truly yours, (Signed) JAMES McCREA.
To Mr. William Gibson, Baltimore, Md.

* * * *

You will have noted throughout these letters my effort has been to say as little as possible about myself, my object rather being to tell about other people and what they said, and what they caused me to observe and think, but here I will break that rule, and this is a good place to do so because it relates to one of the disappointments of my life. Most people look upon promotions as among the happy occasions of their lives, and as a rule do not object to greatness being thrust upon them. Promotion does not sound like disappointment, but it so happened at the time that I did not want to be promoted because promotion involved my moving away from Pittsburgh, besides I knew that my being moved *at that particular time* was a mistake for the railroad to make, and both Judge Cowen and Mr. Murray knew it, and a great many people of no small value to the railroad resented it. I have always believed, and *felt at the time* that the all too generous ovation given me when I was transferred from Pittsburgh, and my deep and heartfelt appreciation of it will never fade, was of course a great compliment to me, but to an infinitely greater extent it was a protest against the transfer. The business men of Pittsburgh had begun, for the first time, to get personally acquainted with the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*, and meet and recognize it—on terms of equality, so to speak.

* * * *

About this time Mr. Underwood, our operating vice president, happened to arrive in Pittsburgh on a Sunday, and after meeting him, I asked him out to dine with us. You were then about nine. He was

most gracious in taking notice of you, when out of a clear sky you said to him, "Are you the man that's taking my daddy away from Pittsburgh, because if you are I want to say that he can go if he wants to, but mamma and I won't go."

* * * *

You were promptly sent to bed.

* * * *

The limitations of the law, or the confines of propriety, or whatever you call it or them among polite people, quite spoil a record like this, and it is really a shame to murder a good story. Still there is nothing equal to the truth, and oddly it is frequently so much stranger than fiction that there can be no particular harm in preserving a little of it. The intrigue* (and it was of the old *Baltimore and Ohio* type—the type which when not seen could be scented as there was no *finesse* about it) behind these moves at this time dug several graves which did not long remain officially unfilled, for the simple enough reason that round pegs have an annoying habit of not fitting in square holes. The only things which can not be explained are facts and this is a case in point. Delusions have wonderful clarity because they exist outside of realities and are proved by themselves.

* * * *

On our return to Pittsburgh in 1902, the following appeared in the *Gazette*.

William Gibson, former General Superintendent of the *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*, is, with his family, registered at the Hotel Schenley. Mr. Gibson returns to again make Pittsburgh his home. Since his retirement from active railroad

*When my friend Mr. A. W. Thompson reads this I am quite sure that a specific illustration of the sort of thing I refer to will occur to his mind.

RETURN TO BALTIMORE

service he has spent the greater proportion of his time in traveling. Six weeks were spent in the West Indies. He said last night:

“After twenty-five years in the harness I think it is about time I should comprehend the fact that I have my own affairs to attend to and do it. I have a number of interests about Pittsburgh, and not only for that reason, but because of a most pleasant association here and the opportunities offered, I have decided that for the future this shall be my home. Here I will once more set up my household gods and here I expect to live and die.”

LETTER XXIX

JAMAICA

JAMAICA, it will be remembered, was discovered by Columbus on his second voyage in May, 1494. He took possession of the island for the King of Spain and named it St. Jago, the name of the Patron Saint of Spain, but it continued to be known by its Indian name Jamaica, meaning the "Island of Springs."

Its aboriginal inhabitants belonged to one of those gentle Indian tribes, the Arawaks, that occupied a number of the West Indian Islands, and who have been described as the best of all the native tribes found on the western side of the Atlantic. Interesting discoveries of ancient pottery used by the Arawak Indians have been made on Liberty Hill, St. Ann's Parish, overlooking Don Christopher's cave, the inlet where Columbus found shelter, and with the gratitude of a storm-beaten mariner, he named it "Santa Gloria," and St. Ann's Bay still marks the traditional spot. It is possible that the Liberty Hill Arawaks supplied Columbus and his company with food while he was at anchor in the creek. It is also likely that this same pottery was used in the preparation of provisions for the great navigator.

The descendants and posterity of Columbus were, and still are the Marquises of Jamaica. Columbus

had this island given to him and his heirs by the crown of Spain, in place of several privileges and duties he was by agreement to have had, as first discoverer and admiral of these seas. These were, after the crown had come to the knowledge of them, thought too great for a subject to enjoy.

Under the grinding, rapacious and cruel rule of Spain, the native population of Jamaica rapidly diminished, and when the English, under Penn and Venables, first acquired the island in 1655, during the administration of Oliver Cromwell, the native race of Jamaica was practically extinct. It was a conquest on the part of the "Commonwealth" of England under Cromwell, and although first settled by those who served under "The Usurper," as he is sometimes termed, it became the home, under the Restoration as well of the former, as of those who still espoused the principles of the unfortunate House of Stuart.

The Spaniards left behind a large number of negro slaves who refused to quit the islands when their masters gave it up, and the English took possession. These masterless slaves fled to the hills and mountains of the interior, where they subsisted principally on wild hogs which roamed the hills in large numbers and where, in a country of luxuriant and continuous vegetation, they easily found abundance of food. It was from this mode of life that these people are said to have derived the name Maroons, which means hog-hunters. When the island was lost to Spain it was declared that:

“His Catholic Majesty would never consent to leave Jamaica in the hands of the English because its loss meant the subversion of the monarchy of Spain, and the overthrow of all the maxims by which Spain governed her American dominions.”

Subsequent events fulfilled the nervous foreboding of the Spanish King as to his mode of government of his colonies, so numerous then in these seas. As a matter of fact, the free institutions of Jamaica and of the many other British possessions that afterward sprang up around tended to shake, to an intense degree, the confidence in the loyalty of Spanish-America to “Old Castile,” and the memorable revolution of 1820 that finally separated the Spanish-American colonies from their mother country was the verification of the fears of the King of Spain more than two hundred years before. Thus we see that the seeds of freedom strike their roots deep into the genial soil which Englishmen inherit.

It was to prevent the powers of Continental Europe from going to the aid of Spain in an attempt to re-establish her colonial power that President Munroe in 1823 uttered his famous manifesto known in history as the *Monroe Doctrine.

* * * *

The names which we find identified with the early history of Jamaica after the passing of the Spanish power, indicate the class of men who composed the great body of settlers. They represented the best blood of the British Isles. It is sufficient to instance such families as Modyford, Keith, Edgar, Melville, Trelawney, Archer, Lawrence, Cochrane, Fairfax,

*See Letter XXIII.

Gordon, Venables, Taaffe, Hamilton, Blake, Culpepper, Lyttleton, Carey, etc. It is only natural, therefore, to find that immediately after the first landing of the English a "council" was held for the "dispatch of business." The military daring, the fiery ardor and enthusiasm that animated alike Royalist and Cromwellian in the mother-country were to be fully exemplified in their successors and descendents.

The colony was still in its swaddling clothes when the first of those struggles between the representatives of the people and the Secretary of State for the colonies took place. This occurrence arose from an attempt on the part of the Governor, representing the Crown, to carry into execution a proposed form of government modelled according to that of Ireland; and amongst other laws framed with that intention, he brought in a bill for settling a perpetual revenue.

Certain acts which were passed by the colonists were condemned by the Board of Trade in England, and the Governor called the Legislature together. In a speech he adverted to the passing of the acts and their condemnation by the authorities in England. The style of language used, to men animated by the spirit of the time, the more so as they were all more or less military men of rank, was not calculated to conciliate or to reassure. After reciting the principal parts of the Governor's speech, the historian says:

"The struggle for liberty, in which the colonists were thus engaged, merits more than ordinary attention; for it forms an epoch in the annals of Jamaica, from which is dated the constitution which it now enjoys, and the rank which it now holds."

The dispute culminated in the suspension of the Chief Justice and the Speaker of the Assembly, and their being carried to England as prisoners, by the Governor, the Earl of Carlisle, to appear before the King. But the Chief Justice:

“Fearlessly impeached the Earl! and subscribed a declaration, which spoke the language of loyalty and resentment He stood before the King to deliver the sentiments of his fellow-colonists; he spoke in the name, and in the cause of his peers, and the King yielded to the call of Justice and Freedom.”

The succeeding Governor declared that:

“His Majesty, upon the Assembly’s humble address, was pleased to restore us to our beloved form of making laws; wherein we enjoy, beyond dispute, all the deliberative powers in our Assembly, that the House of Commons enjoys in their house.”

I recite this fragment of Colonial history because it is worthy of note that it occurred a hundred and twenty years before the “tea parties” at Annapolis and Boston.*

* * * *

A similar incident occurred in the early history of Virginia known as the Northampton protest, so called because it was made by the citizens of Northampton County and constitutes the first organized remonstrance in the form of a protest against taxation without representation. This was made in 1652, antedating the Mecklenburg Declaration† and the Declaration of Independence by one hundred and twenty-five years; and yet not a single historian‡ of our

*The so-called Boston “tea party” was as a matter of fact a protest against the exclusion of American ships from the trade with the Orient and not, as is popularly supposed, a demonstration of disapproval of the Stamp Act. The far eastern carrying trade was a monopoly vested in the East India Company.

†John Fiske in his *American Revolution* states that the Mecklenburg Declaration is simply a legend.

‡*The Early History of the Eastern Shore of Virginia*, by I. C. Wise.

country has dwelt upon the importance of this Protest. It was a direct protest against the authority of the Commonwealth of England, then represented in Virginia by Parliamentary Commissioners not chosen by the people, nor any section of the people. The reasonable demands were also made:

“That the people should have and enjoy such freedoms and privileges as belonged to the free-born people of England; that they should have free trade like the people of England, to all places and with all nations according to the laws of that Commonwealth, nothing, however, to be done contrary to the government of England.”

These events show that the Declaration of Independence was not a spontaneous outburst but a plant of slow growth—that it did not spring up suddenly full grown, but was rather the outcome of a long series of separate and yet consecutive attempts. The establishment of the Government of the United States was not so much a sudden change wrought by revolution as it was a step forward in a long line of historical progression. It was possible because it was undertaken by a people of British descent with a clear understanding of, and already far advanced on the road to self-government. The great principles of the unwritten constitution and common law of the mother country had prepared its giant offspring for the maintenance and enjoyment of that independence declared in 1776. At that date no other people in the world was ready for the experiment of self-government, and what this nation is today it owes to the nationality from which it had at last to separate itself by force of arms.

The average American has come to this conclusion very slowly. The Fourth of July used to be celebrated

as a day of deliverance from an intolerable bondage, and in the minds of our youth the name of George the Third was associated with that of the most monstrous of Roman despots. It takes the distance of time to get the right perspective and to discover the remoter but real cause of the strength and freedom which we now possess. From our present point of view we can see that we have been safe in inviting to our shores immigrants from all lands only because we had attained an organic life capable of assimilating the cruder products of less perfect civilizations. But that organic life of ours is nurtured by roots that reach down to the beginning of English law and English liberty. The Constitution of the United States is not really young; it is rather the ripest fruit upon the tree of time. Our freedom is not a conquest; it is an inheritance. We are not new; we are the heirs of all the ages. The idea of being young or new is a strange hallucination peculiar to our American people. We are not at all young. We are older politically than either France or Germany, and when you consider that in all this vast continent there is not a white person whose forefather did not cross the Atlantic, it is not clear how the American people can be regarded as either new or young. They are as old as the stock from which they sprang.

Another almost forgotten bit of history might be recalled in connection with the foregoing.

The original patent given by Queen Elizabeth in 1584 to Sir Walter Raleigh when he prepared his first expedition to Virginia, empowered him to "hold by homage remote heathen lands, not actually possessed by any other Christian people, which he might dis-

cover within the next six years." It was agreed also, that the English Colonies which might be planted in North America "should have all privileges of free predenizens, and all persons native of England, in such ample manner as if they were born and personally resident in our said realm of England," and that any law to the contrary should be of no effect; furthermore, that the people of these colonies should be "governed by such statutes as *they might choose to establish for themselves.*"

A more unequivocal acknowledgment of the right of self-government it would be hard to find. In fact Elizabeth had already granted just what Jamaica and Northampton demanded; what Patrick Henry and Samuel Adams later on demanded, and George III refused to concede. You cannot state the consequences of what never happened, but one almost unconsciously speculates as to whether there ever would have been any United States had the agreement in Raleigh's original patent been carried out.

Sir William Blackstone thus expressed himself at the time of the Revolution:

"What does the liberty of a people consist of? It consists in the right and power to make laws for its own government. Were an individual to make laws for another country, that person is a despot and the people are slaves. When one country makes laws for another country the country which makes the laws is absolutely the sovereign country, and the country for which the laws are made is in a state of slavery."

* * * *

It is quite certain that the thirteen Colonies broke away from England, not because they hated her and

desired to be separated from her politically, but simply and solely because England, forgetting the agreement, would not permit the Colonists to be "governed by such statutes as *they might choose to establish for themselves.*" Contrary to popular belief there was nothing like unanimity among the colonists on the question of separation. Nothing could illustrate this more pointedly than the simple fact that when the Revolutionary War was brewing Whig and Tory sentiment among the students of Harvard was so intense and conflicting that the President of the University, an ardent Whig, was forced to resign, owing to the opposition to his administration of the affairs of the institution by Tory students. Nor was there unanimity in England. The Prime Minister, the Duke of Grafton, resigned office in 1775 because he could not *obtain justice for the American colonists.* This is not a solitary instance. Many from the period might be quoted. The Bishop of St. Asaph in the House of Lords said: "I hold North America to be the greatest nursery of freedom upon the face of the earth." The great Chatham, speaking against the use of Hessian* mercenaries, said: "My Lords, if I were an American as I am an Englishman, while a foreign foe was landed on our soil I would never lay down my arms."

* * * *

No contemporary figures exist which enable the respective numbers of the two parties to be definitely stated. John Adams, no mean authority, held that the Loyalists constituted a third, the Patriots a third and that the remaining third were indifferent or opportunists. There is no doubt however, that of the

*Of the twenty-eight standards surrendered by Cornwallis at Yorktown, eighteen were German flags.

total free population (two millions and a half) 90 per cent were racially British, perhaps five per cent Dutch, and the remaining five per cent German, French or Spanish. To these basic facts is due the assertion that England never fought against these colonies with anything approximating the vim she threw into her European wars. When the Duke of Wellington was offered the command of the expedition which ended so disastrously at New Orleans in 1812, he declined it saying that "he'd be damned if he would fight Americans."

* * * *

It was the denial of self-government so plainly by every right belonging to them that drove those hard-headed business men into rebellion. Not any devotion to formal doctrines of political liberty, but simply a growing conviction that Americans were capable of managing their own affairs better than anyone else could do it for them. The final issue was that Parliament declared it had a right to tax the Colonists without their consent, whereas the latter took the position laid down by Blackstone that "taxation without representation" was tyranny. Among the causes of the American Revolution none is indeed more important and few have been more neglected by historians, than the rapid growth of this conviction that it was an absurdity for an industrious, moral and intelligent people to be *governed* by men whom they could not respect, and by methods which they held in profound contempt.

So many colonials of that day too, were shocked and disgusted at the frivolity and immorality of high class English society. It was not, to say the least of it, characterized by high tone and scrupulous refinement.

Morals were somewhat looser in those days than now. Thackeray notes this fact in the *Virginians*, just as in later generations Englishmen have marvelled at the somewhat archaic table-manners, the prismatic marriages, the customs and profanity of Americans.

Not to recognize that these customs of bygone days have changed and should be forgotten is to shut our eyes in wilful blindness, but the impression they have left on both sides seems difficult to blot out. In all the wide realm of human folly there is nothing more senseless, more unpardonable than quarrelling. Tennyson in his *Sea Dreams* gives us these lines having to do with quarrelling:

And musing on the little lives of men,
And how they mar that little with their feuds.

People *will criticize* each other—they will pull each other down. Than criticism no form of mental activity is more common among us and none more pernicious, and as it cannot be abolished, the pity is it cannot be perfected to the end that it may be fair and just and truthful. You will recall that when someone said to Beau Brummel, "You are no gentleman," he aptly replied, "And you are no judge." But funnier than this, there is the person who will confidentially criticize A to B, and then B to A, quite unmindful or ignorant of the fact that A and B may have the habit of comparing notes. I am quite sure the name of more than one friend of ours who fits this specification will occur to your mind.

* * * *

Jamaica has a population of some 850,000 souls, of whom 15,000 are whites, probably 100,000 Asiatics, and the remainder negroes. Still there is not a more

orderly and law-abiding state on the face of the earth. Mr. Twells, a Philadelphian, the United States Consul at Kingston, told me when we were there, that notwithstanding the fact that rum—one of the staple products of the island—was produced everywhere, drunkenness was unknown, and that the only intoxicated or disorderly people ever seen were occasional English or American sailors. He told me also that locks and keys were unknown, and that a person could walk from one end of the island to the other carrying a sack over his shoulder marked “Gold,” without the slightest fear of being molested. Subsequent evidence in Jamaica appeared to fully substantiate these statements.*

Jamaica’s main source of revenue is from her banana and cocoanut crop. Ninety-five per cent of it probably finds its way to the United States, and it has been remarked that while politically Jamaica is British, commercially it is American. The island is the largest producer of bananas in the world. In 1912 we took over \$8,000,000.00 of their produce, and they bought in the same period nearly \$7,000,000.00 worth of products from the United States.

* * * *

Our visit to Jamaica, young as you were, is perfectly clear in your mind, and it has been talked over so much that I shall record only one or two incidents.

In Spanish Town, the old capital of Jamaica, there is a statue of Queen Victoria, and when we were all standing in front of it, an old negress who was passing along stopped and courtesied low before it saying, “God bless Missus Queen.”* * * *

* These statements regarding the honesty of the Jamaica negro are here repeated in good faith, but it is difficult for me to accept them *without a grain of salt*. I am reasonably well acquainted with the race.

At Fairfield, the old Lawrence estate, I asked the manager, and a very stupid sort of a Scotchman I thought he was, when he was showing us around the warehouse filled with hogsheads of rum, why of the samples he exhibited, some looked like rum, and others were colorless. "Oh," he said, "this colored produce we ship to Glasgow to be made into Scotch Whisky for you Yankees to drink."

* * * *

In the parish church at Montego Bay there is a memorial window and the following is a copy of the inscription:

"To the Glory of God this window is dedicated by the Descendants in New York and Pittsburgh, U. S. A., of John Tharp Lawrence, Royal Navy, formerly of Hazelymph, and of Rachael Gordon, grand-daughter of John Lawrence some time of Ironshore in this Parish."

LETTER XXX

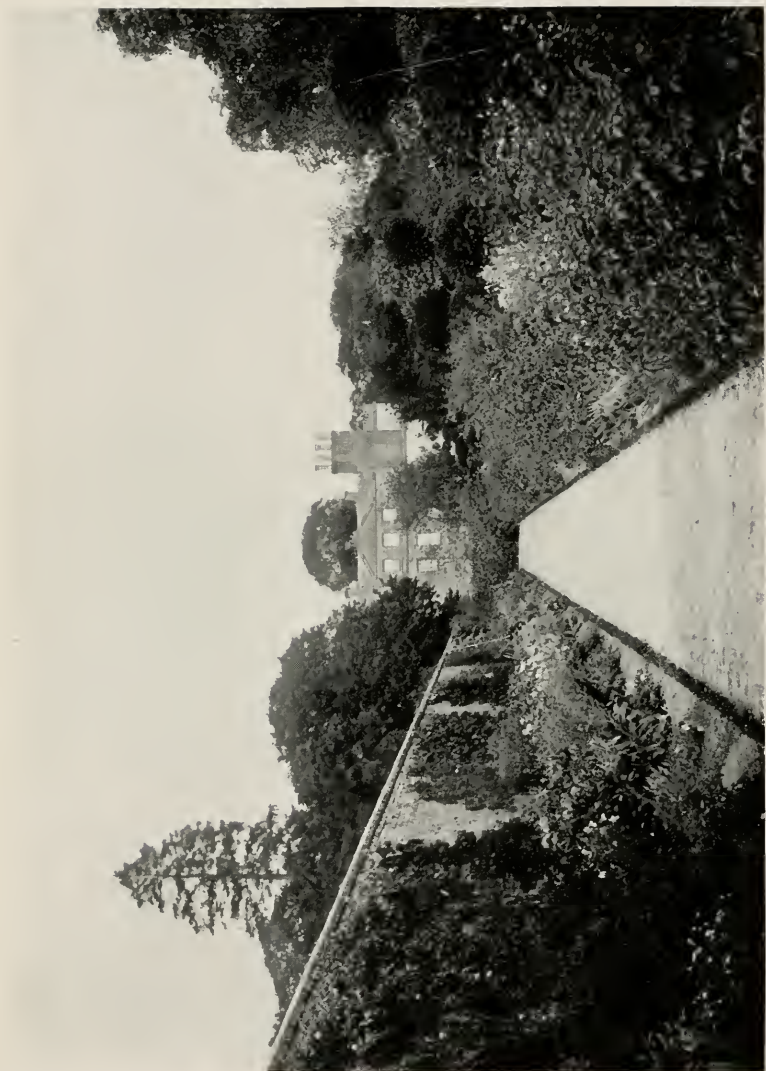
WILLIAM FREDERICK LAWRENCE

IT is hardly necessary to enlarge here on our many and happy visits to the Lawrences at Cowesfield, because you have grown up from childhood and been a part of them through the years, and they will mean a great deal in your life.

Cowesfield is a good example of the way in which words change. In *Domesday Book* it is written Colda's Field, so called from the name of its Saxon owner, Colda. The transition from Colda's Field to Cowesfield is obvious, and the boundaries of the estate today are just as they were then, plus some slight additions made by the present squire. It is difficult for the modern mind to imagine a property remaining intact for nearly nine hundred years.

You cannot know the life of a people until you get into their homes. There you find the best test. The English gentleman at home is quite another being from the tourist Englishman. He is delightful. His hospitality is dispensed with grace, quiet and simplicity. He is direct, frank, simple. There is a refreshing unconventionality in his speech and garb, and he possesses an innate dignity that commands respect. He is a gentleman from the inside out. In his home you find that indefinable atmosphere which goes by the name culture.

Culture in the true sense is manly for men and womanly for women. It means nothing more nor less than such harmonious training of the faculties of a human being always in relation to the environment, as shall make for a higher type of civilization. We might say that it meant an understanding of beauty and a love of it. Beauty is that harmony and peace in the nature of things which is an eternal principle of existence. For what is beauty in the broad sense? Is not its guiding principle symmetry, harmony? But why try to analyze—why not enjoy it? Matthew Arnold wrought valiantly to make this view obtain, to cry up what he called Hellenism—the gospel of sweetness and light. Among us today culture is lightly regarded. Indeed for the moment it is declassed. Let us cling to the theory of Pythagoras that the universe is a beautiful harmony, law assisting law, and all laws working together to produce “cosmos”—beauty and perfection, rather than chaos and confusion. A characteristic of English culture is its reticence, its high level of taste, its adherence to common sense. It checks extravagance in art and literature. It includes a respect for and a cultivation of morality. On the whole the English idea of culture is of a culture in close relations with practical life. Learning is not necessarily culture, though culture needs learning. The best culture does not obtrude learning. Much the more interesting feature of the culture of which I speak is the amateur side of it as distinguished from the professional. Thus Sir Edward Grey, a statesman in the first rank of public life, is the author of a delightful book on trout fishing which is accepted as standard. He is a botanist and a



COWESFIELD FROM THE SAND WALK

naturalist. In the same way Rider Haggard, the novelist, is an agricultural expert.

In England the country gentry are a class who for generations have fulfilled some of the most useful functions in the body politic, but they are at the present time being impoverished by the attacks on land, and hounded out of house and home, being killed in this age of money—killed by death duties and land taxation. I doubt if we realize the enormous economic, political and hardworking charitable value of their leisured class. We cannot estimate the amount of splendid work that is done in England by men who are not only unpaid, but who look for no indirect emolument for their services in the way of patronage or opportunity of feathering their nests from the State. They have held their own for generations because they have given their flesh and blood to the defense of the country; sacrificed their leisure to work at tedious and little rewarded services to the government; headed the charity lists and joined the movements for local reforms and betterments. They furnished the squirearchy; they supplied the officers for the fighting services; they led the public life in numberless ways. Free from the temptations of great wealth, they led simple, healthy lives. They respected themselves; the country esteemed them; they were in complete harmony with those around, above and below them. They furnished the officers of Scott's Antarctic party and they financed the expedition themselves.

An Englishman who lives on a large estate often manages a whole town, is overseer of the poor, superintendent of schools, the board of trustees of the

church, and county commissioner all in one. In addition he is the manager of his own estate, with his acres of farm lands to be tilled. He has to patronize and contribute to every local activity, and oftentimes he is the police court magistrate. It is true that he may have a steward or factor to do the rent collecting and to look after the minor details; but the steward no more manages the estate than the private secretary of a railroad president manages the railroad.

* * * *

But it is as a "nation of shopkeepers"* that England is most widely known. Curiously enough Sir Walter Scott is said to have attributed this expression to Napoleon, but I think it first appeared in the *Wealth of Nations*. In the seventh chapter of the fourth book, Adam Smith says:

"The merchants of London have not generally become such magnificent lords as those of Cadiz and Lisbon, but neither are they in general such attentive and parsimonious burghers as those of Amsterdam. To found a great empire for the sole purpose of raising up a people of customers may, at first sight, appear a project fit only for a *nation of shopkeepers*."

* * * *

During one of our visits to Cowesfield we went with Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence to a party at Wilton House, the country seat of the Earl of Pembroke. Before succeeding to the title and estates, as the fourteenth earl of his line, he had had a long experience in the House of Commons and had been Conservative whip, so that in addition to being county neighbors, Lawrence, who represented Liverpool for twenty-five years, and he were associated for many years in the House.

*Note 1916. Today she is a nation of patriots.



MR. WILLIAM FREDERICK LAWRENCE

Wilton House is a wonderful old place. It has been in possession of the Pembroke family since the days of Henry VIII. Prior to the Reformation it had been a Benedictine priory or abbey, but was almost entirely rebuilt according to the designs of Holbein, though other famous architects have contributed to its beauty, including Inigo Jones who designed the south side of the house after it had been damaged by fire. Charles I, who visited Wilton every summer until the Cromwellian War, designed the garden front of the mansion with his own hands. Edward VI often stayed there with the first Lord Pembroke of the present creation, and there Shakespeare repeatedly performed his plays in the presence of Queen Elizabeth. In fact the second Earl of Pembroke and his brother were the "incomparable pair of brethren" to whom the Shakespeare folio was dedicated by the bard. James I held court there. No modern sovereign, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, has ever failed to pay a visit to Wilton House.

Among its many features are the exquisite gardens and grand old trees, under one of which—an ancient ilex—Sir Philip Sidney reclined when he wrote his *Arcadia*, and it was here that *A Midsummer Night's Dream* was first performed, in what is to this day called "Shakespeare Walk."

The house itself is full of historic relics and superb paintings, including an immense Van Dyke which Lord Pembroke told mamma the artist painted for the room, and of course in the room. It takes up the whole of one end of the great drawing-room. It represents the entire family, ten in number, who were alive in the days of the painter, two little children

who had died being portrayed as cherubims in the clouds. Titians, Holbeins, Rubenses, Reynoldses and Romneys abound.

Lord Pembroke also pointed out to us several suits of ancient armor which had been captured by one of his ancestors in the early French wars. That is to say, the owners after being captured, were made more comfortable by being relieved of their heavy armor and probably of anything else of value they possessed, for the Jacksonian theory governed at that period—"To the victors belong the spoils."

We met a great many fashionable and interesting people on that occasion. Miss May Goelet of New York, now the Duchess of Roxburgh, was among them.

But to me the most interesting personage was Lord Nelson* of Trafalgar (pronounced Traffle-gar), another of the Lawrence neighbors, and an important county magnate. He is a grand-nephew of the great Admiral, and is interested in ecclesiastical rather than naval matters. He is the third holder of the earldom bestowed in 1805 on Nelson's brother William, who succeeded him in the viscounty.

A Parliamentary grant of one hundred and twenty thousand pounds was made by a grateful nation to Admiral Nelson's family after his death and, with the exception of allowances made to each of his sisters and his brother, it was spent in purchasing the Wiltshire estate for the family. In addition a pension of five thousand pounds a year for all time was attached to the earldom, and the present earl is the recipient of it.

Lord Nelson is greatly devoted to the memory of the admiral, and his home near Salisbury is a mine

*Obiit 1914.

of information about the national hero. Among the relics there are an armchair with one arm stuffed with hay in which Nelson used to rest the stump of his short arm, and the sofa on which he slept in the *Victory* on the night before Trafalgar. There is also a medal which was worn by the admiral at the time of his death. These relics are contained in one apartment known as the "Nelson Room," and it is the room in which Lord Nelson's affections are most centered.

* * * *

Shortly before Admiral Nelson took up his last command he met West the painter at dinner. Regretting that he knew little about art, the Admiral turned to West and said:

"But there is one picture whose power I do feel. I never pass a paint shop where your 'Death of Wolfe' is in the window without being stopped by it."

Then he asked West why he painted no more pictures like it.

"Because there are no more subjects," the painter answered.

"Damn it," said Nelson, "I didn't think of that," and he asked West to take a glass of champagne with him.

"But, my Lord," added West, "I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with such another scene, and if it should I shall certainly avail myself of it."

"Will you, will you?" cried Nelson, pouring out the bumpers and striking his glass against West's, "then I hope I shall die in the next battle."

We all know the story of Trafalgar the same year.

* * * *

Lord Pembroke is uncommonly well informed regarding the United States. He most cordially and neatly referred to the North Atlantic as a no longer estranging ocean. He had crossed many times and for several years spent his winters in California. He is a very tall man and Lawrence remarked that he was the tallest member of the House of Lords.

* * * *

We visited the old rectory in Salisbury where Izaak Walton lived and fished in the beautiful Nadder. The river flows past the end of the grounds and onward through the Wilton estate. The garden stretches back to its banks, and it was there that the immortal Izaak indited his *Compleat Angler*. The present occupant of the rectory—a beautiful old gabled house, backed by green sward and such a divine stream, rapid, clear with long streaming weeds—lets the fishing as the stream is strictly preserved, and it is an odd arrangement. He told us that this revenue added quite considerably to his income. He charged twenty pounds for a rod, and ten pounds for *half a rod*. That stumped me but I tried to look wise. I afterward found out that the higher figure meant fishing for the full open season, and of course the lower charge was for half the season.

The Nadder is what is known in England as a chalk-stream and its main characteristic is the pellucid clearness of the water, which as a general rule, is unaffected by rain, except when unusually severe. The strength of the current is only moderately great. The word chalk-stream refers to streams which have their sources in springs down deep in the earth, and from which the

water rises to the surface through a considerable thickness of chalk, being thus filtered and freed from any visible particles of solid matter held in suspension. Like water, men, too, require rock to filter us and make us clean, to give us current and eddy. No clay valleys will do.

* * * *

On another occasion we went to New Forest. It was originally a hunting ground of the Saxon kings and is still crown property. It is preserved in practically its natural condition as open woodland. The fine old trees are principally oak and beech. In this forest two of the sons of William the Conqueror were killed—Richard by a stag, and William Rufus by an arrow from an unknown hand. Rufus' stone marks the supposed spot where he fell.

It is almost wholly due not to the Norman monarch's love of the woods, but to his love of the chase, that New Forest and other crown woodlands have been preserved. The laws which grew up around the preservation of these forests were many times bitterly cruel, as the records show, yet without them England would today in all probability be without even those small possessions which still remain, without the New Forest or those of Epping and of Dean.

* * * *

We also visited Stonehenge, that wonderful prehistoric monument of ancient Britain which stands in the center of Salisbury Plain within easy driving distance of Cowesfield. There has been endless speculation as to its origin, date and purpose; and although the few heavy stones still extant are but a small portion of the original structure, they are of sufficient impor-

tance to excite the wonder of the visitor, and mysterious enough to puzzle the antiquary.

It has been attributed to the Druids, the Romans and the Danes by different investigators. Some authorities regard it as a temple of the Bronze Age (1500–1000 B. C.) though apparently it was not all erected at the same time. Sir Norman Lockyer, in order to fix its age, had to call in the aid of the sun. The line which joins the open part of the horseshoe of stones to the huge monolith called the Friars' Heel almost is facing the rising sun. This "almost" gave the first clue that was needed so badly. Starting from 1905 A. D., he worked back to find out when the sun rose exactly at the end of the line. That year he found to be 1680 B. C., which he then concluded was the probable date of the erection of the stones.

Who the builders were no antiquarian has ever determined, and no one has yet been able to figure out the real derivation of the name Stonehenge. It is known to have been the milliarium from which the Romans measured all the mileage in Britain, and the altar stone which still remains in its original position, is said to belong to the Temple of Diana on which the ancient kings took the oath on their accession.

It is a common remark that a feeling of disappointment is almost invariably experienced on a first visit to Stonehenge. This is probably due to the vast solitude in which the monument stands. There is nothing near enough to it in any direction to furnish a standard by which to estimate the magnitude of the stones. Consequently they look much smaller than they really are, and we miss that imposing effect

of immensity which everybody associates in advance with Stonehenge. Another cause of disappointment is what we may call the "reserve" of the monument. Mystery, whether vested in persons or things, has a fascination of its own, but the fascination is of a kind which is only enjoyable when the mysterious thing or person is not actually present. We all know the delight of discussing interminably a person about whom no amount of discussion brings us nearer to knowledge, and we all know also the chilly baffled feeling that takes possession of us when we pass from such discussion into the presence of the inscrutable person. An impenetrable reserve is undoubtedly one of the striking characteristics of Stonehenge. And this reserve, however much it may increase the impressiveness of the monument as a subject of thought and speculation, certainly takes away from its impressiveness as an object contemplated by the bodily eye. We are so accustomed to the easily interpreted language—both utilitarian and sentimental—of modern, medieval and classical buildings and monuments, that we hardly realize how much of the impression they make on us is due to the wide range of memories and associations they touch in ourselves until we are confronted with a monument like Stonehenge, the language of which is dead for us, and in whose presence we are reduced to the blank emotion of wonder.

It is quite pathetic to see how, in the dearth of intelligible symbolism or appealing beauty, every observant visitor seizes eagerly at his first visit to "the stones," upon the tenons and mortise holes in the piers and the imposts of the trilithons and the

outer circle of Sarsens, as the only features which speak to us directly of the part played by human ingenuity in the construction of the temple. Those knobs on the upright stones and corresponding sockets in the lintels which the uprights support tell an unmistakable, albeit a very homely and practical tale of labor for a definite and quite intelligible result. These huge blocks of stone-trilithons—a name given to triplets of stone placed two upright and one across—stand today as they have stood for unknown centuries. It was from this crude form that the arch was evolved. The highest of these blocks is probably thirty feet and its weight many more tons. It is an established geological fact that the stone was not quarried anywhere near Stonehenge, and the question naturally occurs, how was it transported and set up? Gibbon tells us that the blocks of which the pyramids of Egypt were constructed were floated on rafts down the Nile from Ethiopia, but there is no co-operating Nile near Salisbury Plain.

* * * *

Wiltshire is one of the counties of England which have sufficiently withstood the inroads of material progress to leave any traces of the old-time life and customs. At Wilton, although carpets are now made by machines, the finest of them are still woven by hand. Across the plain the shepherds still lead their flocks in the Scriptural fashion, governing them with the voice and calling them by their names.

Wilton played its chief part in British history during the period of Saxon rule. Egbert, Ethelwulf, and Alfred often had their court here. The abbey lent to the town a religious atmosphere second only

to Sarum—Sarum, the birthplace of a liturgy. It may not be generally known that Old Sarum has a certain responsibility on her venerable head. Recently researches have been made into the word “obey” in the marriage service. The Church of England is the only historic church which has unequal vows in its marriage service. In the Roman Catholic book, in the Greek and the Russian creeds the woman says what the man says. Before the Reformation there were a number of books in use in England; the principal ones were those of York, Sarum and Hereford. The only one which contained the principle of unequal vows was that of Sarum, yet the reformers, who wanted to do away with medieval abuses, adopted that very one.

* * * *

Much of the downs is cultivated. The men plow and the women help to take in the harvest. But the lure of the city is fast taking away the new generation of Wiltshire folk, and what there is left of the picturesqueness of the villages is passing. For one who knows the plain, the interest of Salisbury lies in the past and in the natural beauty which has yet been unspoiled by growing towns.

* * * *

Its country inns have always been a peculiar glory of England. Their perfections have been acclaimed by a hundred grave writers of prose and hymned by unnumbered poets. They were at once the traveler’s joy and his necessity. It was at inns that *Tom Jones* played out the joyous and gallant drama of his life. And from Fielding the romance of the road descended unchanged to Charles Dickens. How many immortal taverns, how many hostelries of happy chance

are there not celebrated in the *Pickwick Papers*? Who can go to Salisbury today without recalling to mind Martin Chuzzlewit, and the "Green Dragon," which you have been in. You can also remember the inn where we stopped for lunch on our way back from Stonehenge, and I had the most incomparable beer. Pol Roger of '98, now alas extinct, pales into insignificance before these simple tankards. Ah! Plebeian taste, you say, and stick to your guns, but I will cross the raging main many times more I trust.

LETTER XXXI

WILLIAM FREDERICK LAWRENCE

(Continued)

WE happened to be in England when President McKinley was assassinated, and after his death we attended the memorial services in Westminster Abbey on the day of his funeral. The manifestations of sympathy and respect shown by the people of London were many and striking. Flags were at half mast, business was practically suspended, services were held in churches and evidences of mourning were general; the newspaper offices in Fleet Street were draped in black.

Fleet Street is in many ways the most individual thoroughfare in London. It is, as all the world knows, the center of newspaperdom, but it is much more than that. On one side it opens into the peaceful old-world squares and lanes of the Temple. Within a few score yards of this, perhaps the busiest street in the world, one comes on an umbrageous square with a fountain playing in its center, with pigeons preening themselves in the water, and country flowers growing around. One finds the Temple Church, with its effigies of the Knights Templars and with its romance of 800 years of British history. On the north side are alleyways, covered arches and hidden streets surcharged with romantic associations—peopled with memories of the

past. Here men lived and drank and loved and went to dust—a little before us, that is all. A trite reflection, but it is to bring it home as a reality that we visit the shrines and cherish the relics of the great dead.

Here the traditional hero of Fleet Street, Dr. Johnson, whose statue adorns its northern end, expounded his wisdom. What draws the company to the Mitre Tavern? What has made Boswell's book the most triumphant biography in literature? What caused his friends to endure from him such trouncings as no other uplifted fist might offer, and afterwards join him in a "dish of tea?" The answer is simple. The life of Johnson is the romance of a mighty intellect cramped within a diseased body and kindled in a lowly estate. He knew poverty. Here also, Goldsmith starved or shared his temporary plenty with shady friends.

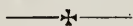
A statue at one end shows where Temple Bar stood. Temple Bar which I distinctly remember. Here are the memories of a thousand men, names familiar to all who know anything of England's history. It was the congeries of slums on the western side—long since pulled down to make room for the Law Courts—that fired Charles Kingsley* with the zeal for his great philanthropic crusade.

* * * *

No. 7 Craven Street, Strand, is an interesting place for American eyes, inasmuch as there is a round tablet on the front of the house which certifies that Benjamin Franklin "lived here," that is at No. 7 Craven Street, in the years when he was agent of Pennsylvania and of the other Colonies before the Revolution. But the

*See Letter VI.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



Memorial Service

FOR

THE LATE

President of the United States,

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, AT 12 O'CLOCK.

Admit One Person.

Entrance by

POETS' CORNER.

THE CARD OF ADMISSION

actual house which the American "printer, philosopher and statesman" occupied preceded the one which is now on the same site. Benjamin Franklin was our first, and still remains our most distinguished diplomat. He was the father of the now acknowledged principle of the immunity of property at sea. He was not a toady. If he were to come back and see his country today with its twaddle in Washington, and its turkey trots and twinkles everywhere, it is a ten to one bet that he would immediately fall dead again. He believed that an American should be himself wherever he went, and that simplicity of life was not at all inconsistent with the best manners. Of course, Franklin represented a very small country compared with the United States of today; but the value of an example does not depend upon its size, but upon its quality. In your own day it would be difficult to find a higher type of American than Admiral Dewey. He is simple, kindly, courteous, democratic, and from the day he steamed into Corregidor Bay and engaged the Spanish fleet he has been beloved both within and without the service and by the whole nation.

* * * *

Nowhere is the tea habit quite so universal as in London. English people have always had the habit, and a few men, a very few men, drank tea in the afternoon at their clubs. The last time I went to the United Service Club with Colonel Swinfen* it was impossible not to notice that the man who drinks a whisky and soda in the afternoon is the exception; the man who drinks tea is the rule. If an Englishman

*Colonel F. H. Swinfen is one of the Military Knights of Windsor. He rode with his regiment, the 5th Dragoon Guards, in the heavy charge of Balaclava, and is one of the few surviving officers of that day.

could put his gospel of life into words, he probably would say: "Give me liberty and tea—but if I can't have both, I'll take the tea."

A contrast, one of the strongest to be drawn between Americans and Englishmen—the blood-kin who dwell on either side of the Atlantic—is the indulgence of the two peoples in the household beverage tea. While the States of the Union are writing liquor-restraining laws upon their statute books, for we have a national weakness for curing everything by legislation, their British cousins are solving the problems of intemperance by a substitution of the brewed beverage for alcoholic stimulants. England is becoming a temperance community by habit and not by legislation, and the essence from the leaves of the little bush which grows upon the hillsides of India, China, Japan and Ceylon, is working the change.

* * * *

Once, crossing on the *Cedric*, we bumped into a certain Pittsburgh family whose name you remember. They had never been to Europe before and the enterprising mamma of the party had no end of questions to ask. Most unhappily she had heard of "tea on the terrace" at the House of Commons, and asked if I had ever heard of it. I said there was nothing about having a cup of tea there, but one could only go as the guest of a member—that we had been there. That was enough. She hunted up our mamma. At this point language fails me. What your beautiful and noble mother said to me for that indiscretion! Why, if I had eloped or jumped overboard with the wretched woman, she couldn't have said *much* more. Anyhow the

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19th, 1901.

IN MEMORY

OF THE

HONOURABLE WILLIAM McKINLEY,

Late President of the United States of America,

WHO

Departed this life September 14th, 1901.

THE ORDER OF SERVICE

lady pestered mamma to take her there, and what is more she did take her and her husband too. I couldn't see anything to fuss about, and it was all right up to the time that tea was about to be served when the aforesaid noble husband said he would like a glass of buttermilk. Suffering snakes! Do you remember mamma's face? Even Dorothy who always behaves and saves the day, nearly had a fit. This is the most ghastly illustration I ever encountered of a person asking for something at table *which was not on it*.

* * * *

The dust of centuries covers old London, and beneath its pavements may be found relics of the days between Chaucer and Shakespeare, traces of medieval life, and signs of Norman, Anglo-Saxon and even Roman London. The Tower of a slightly more recent date does not differ radically in appearance from the buildings that Chaucer knew, while many famous memories cluster round Westminster Hall and the numerous churches that escaped the fire in 1666.

* * * *

In 1911 the Pennsylvania Society of New York placed in the Church of Allhallows Barking by the Tower a memorial tablet to William Penn, and it was dedicated on Thursday, July 13th of that year, in the presence of a company of distinguished ladies and gentlemen representing the United States and the British Empire. Two of the men it was my privilege to meet on that occasion were Viscount Kitchener of Khartoum, and Lord Charles Beresford. The latter I had met before when he was the guest of Mr. Westinghouse during the International Railway Congress in

Washington in 1905. The only other Pittsburghers present were Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Thaw. You were visiting Cowesfield at the time.

* * * *

Another interesting occasion that year was the garden party at Lambeth Palace to which I went with Mabel Edgar. His Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Davidson received their guests on the lawn, he exercising the prerogative of royalty and wearing his hat. Mrs. Davidson is a daughter of Archbishop Tait, and thus has the rare distinction of being the wife of one primate and the daughter of another. Many interesting people were there, but perhaps the most striking personality to me was Canon Duckworth.* It was there I last saw Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who will always rank high even in that long list of great men who have represented the United States at the Court of St. James.

* * * *

Near Lambeth Palace across the river is Westminster Abbey, and on the north side of the Abbey, close beside it, is the parish church of St. Margaret. It is officially the church of the House of Commons, and its history is linked with that of the Abbey. It was founded by Edward the Confessor (A. D. 1050). For historical reasons this venerable church is a bond between ourselves and the mother country, for here is the grave of Sir Walter Raleigh, the most romantic of those Elizabethan heroes who first laid the foundations of the English-speaking nations of the New World. It is beneath the chancel, unmarked, and the precise spot is not known. The tradition of the rector's office

*Canon Duckworth is "greater than he who taketh a city." See Key.

SERVICE

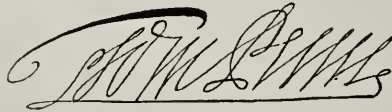
To be used at the Dedication of the

MEMORIAL

TO

WILLIAM PENN

In the Church of Allhallows Barking by the Tower
On Thursday, July 13, 1911, at 3.30 p.m.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, likely of William Penn, written in dark ink. The signature is fluid and stylized, with a long, sweeping initial 'W' and 'P'.

UNVEILING OF TABLET TO WILLIAM PENN

is that Raleigh's head, which was placed in Westminster Hall after the body was buried, was interred in the grave of his son forty-eight years afterward. The Raleigh memorial window in St. Margaret's was presented by an American subscription. In England Raleigh is usually pronounced *Rally*.

Raleigh, it is said, was one of the earlier explorers of America, and he made many attempts at colonization. He is credited with introducing the potato and the growing of tobacco into Ireland. He dreamed of an English colony beyond the seas—a colony that would bring untold wealth and fame and power to his country and incidentally to himself. So he received from Queen Elizabeth a huge grant of land running from Delaware Bay to the Santee River, no thought being taken of the western boundary. As early as 1584 he sent a ship to Florida and as far north as North Carolina. He named all the land thereabout Virginia, in honor of Elizabeth, the virgin queen. The following year his followers made the first English settlement at Roanoke Island; but they deserted when Drake appeared there the following year. Other fruitless attempts were made in 1586 and 1587. The second colony was massacred by the Indians. When the place was again visited in 1590, the third had disappeared without trace. In this colony were William and Eleanor Dare whose daughter, Virginia, was the first English child born on American soil.

Although Raleigh's name is closely identified with our early colonization there is much evidence to show that he had no personal share in the actual expeditions, and that he never was actually in Virginia.

* * * *

In St. Margaret's too, worshipped the Puritan statesmen who broke that tyrannous power which had driven the founders of the United States across the stormy and unknown Atlantic, and there sleep the wife* and daughters of Milton, who not less than Shakespeare is our common heritage.

Do not neglect the great Puritan poet. Very chill must have been the life of his girls, reading to the enwrapped Puritan father from languages they did not understand, and taking down from his lips poetry they understood still less. The three chief fountains of wonderful diction are Spenser, Shakespeare and Milton. What a mine of words they offer. The words of Shakespeare seem to flower from the line, while the Miltonic line is inlaid with rich and chosen words.

Mr. George W. Childs of Philadelphia presented the Milton Memorial, the west window of the north aisle.

St. Margaret's, beyond any other English parish church, is dear to Americans, who worship there during the summer, and who go there as by natural right when they seek a place for religious self-expression. It was there the American colony in London gathered together for a memorial service for those of our countrymen who had perished in the *Titanic*.

After the loss of the *Titanic* there was a widespread sentiment, both in the United States and in England, in favor of raising a fund for the benefit of the dependents of those lost in that awful ocean calamity, but it was not stated in the appeal as to how the money collected was to be distributed, and at a meeting of citizens in Pittsburgh this was not made clear. I therefore wrote the following letter.

*The second wife, Catherine Woodcock, and the daughters by his first wife, Mary Powell.

BENEFICIARIES OF TITANIC FUND

To the Editor of *The Dispatch*:

I notice that publicity is being given through the courtesy of *The Dispatch* to a fund of which Mr. H. C. McEldowney, president of the Union Trust Company, is honorary custodian, now being raised in Pittsburgh in aid of "the sufferers" of the awful *Titanic* disaster; and it is a splendid work of charity which must appeal to many of our citizens—more especially to those of us who have crossed and recrossed the Atlantic in comfort and safety, due largely to the care and watchfulness of the crew and to the attention and politeness of the stewards.

There seems to be a doubt in the minds of a number of people as to the interpretation of the word "sufferers." There are many sufferers among the rich and powerful of the land who obviously are not objects of public charity, and the question which people are asking is whether the word includes only the poor immigrants, or only the poor crew, or whether the fund will be applied on a sort of pro rata basis to the dependents of both.

I believe that a number of people will cheerfully subscribe in an humble way to a fund which contemplates the relief of the immigrant and sailorman alike, without distinction of creed or nationality, but who would not be willing, or perhaps less willing, to contribute for the benefit of one class and to the exclusion of the other.

I would suggest, and I do so most respectfully, that the committee in charge of the fund enlighten the public on this question. My own view is that the word "sufferers" is intended to include, and should include, both immigrants and crew.

I am yours respectfully,

WILLIAM GIBSON.

The following is another letter written at that period to one of the most charming and cultivated companions with whom it has been my good fortune to travel—Mr. L. E. Opdycke of New York. He graduated from Harvard in 1880, a class distinguished

by such members as Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and others.

June 15th, 1912

My dear Opdycke:

Many thanks for your letter.

I have many times thought of the pleasant trip we made on the *Vaderland* last summer. As a rule the recollection of these crossings vanishes like a breath stain on glass, but of that particular voyage, Willie and I can well say, in the language of a great poet, that:

“Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels wear.”

You were kind enough to ask me to send you my Kentucky University papers from time to time, and I am, therefore, sending two under separate cover and hope they will reach your hand.

Mrs. Gibson, Dorothy and Willie sailed *Cedric*, 13th inst. and I may sail later and come home with them.

The *Titanic* loss still haunts us. It has forced home to us the thought that while human skill, science and experience, human care and watchfulness can go far, and have gone far, there must always remain an ever present danger in the waters of the deep for those who seek to cross them; and great as the advance of the ingenuity of man may be and is, the prayer “for those in peril on the sea” has today as great and as deep a significance as of old, and it is, and must ever remain something more than a perfunctory petition to the Almighty.

With all compliments to you and to Leonard,
believe me,

Most sincerely yours,

WILLIAM GIBSON.

* * * *

There is a touch of greatness in the world about us, in the display of overwhelming natural forces, as in the thunderstorm, among the mountains or on the ocean. So is there a touch of greatness in simple unspoiled humanity. You feel this in Dr. Wilfred

Grenfell and in the obvious effect on him of life in Labrador as he has so long lived and experienced it. It was a great pleasure to me to meet this noble soul on his visit to Pittsburgh. You were at Charterhouse at the time, and he told me that he is an old Malburian.

The choice between persistent littleness and a possible greatness in living, as exemplified by the life of Wilfred Grenfell, lies within ourselves—whether or not we will live in sight of the higher values, now and then conscious of the touch of a Power infinitely greater than our own. The choice is made in our daily habits, in the company we keep, in the books we read, in the whole tone we give to the mind and heart. The touch of greatness is the touch of God, in nature and in humanity. We may live in constant anticipation of His eternal endeavor. So to live is to be reverent, humble, willing, glad. It is to pray the Psalmist's prayer, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

* * * *

There is an incident connected with Portsmouth when we visited the *Victory*, Nelson's flag-ship at the Battle of Trafalgar, which you must always remember, viz, meeting Lieutenant Vaughan, Royal Navy, who was our host on that occasion. He was a youngster on H. M. S. *Calliope* at the time of the terrific storm in 1889, in the Pacific Ocean, which centered at Apia, Samoa, causing a deplorable naval disaster. A conflict of international interests in the Samoan Islands had resulted in a gathering of warships dispatched there by the United States, Germany and England. Warfare was proceeding between the native factions led by rival kings. This country and Germany each sent a

squadron of three cruisers to Apia, and England was represented by a single cruiser.

The seven war-vessels lay in the harbor of Apia when a typhoon or hurricane broke over them. Their position near to the shore was the worst possible in such a storm. Of the United States squadron the *Trenton* and the *Vandalia* were wrecked and the *Nipsic* was beached. Of the German squadron, the cruisers *Adler* and *Elbe* were overwhelmed and sunk, while the corvette *Olga*, after a brave fight was wrecked. The single warship that was saved from the havoc of the hurricane was the British cruiser *Calliope*. The story of her escape is one of those epic incidents that history will never let die. The crew of the U. S. cruiser *Trenton*, knowing that they were doomed to destruction, but still manfully working to defer the catastrophe, saw the *Calliope* making her way inch by inch as the crew labored heroically to take her out to sea with the aid of her powerful engines. Then came that immortal tribute of the brave to the brave, the ship's band on the deck of the *Trenton* struck up "Rule Britannia," and the dying men stood up to cheer those whom they saw straining so desperately toward life. Above the raging hurricane, the music of the cheers reached the Englishmen on the *Calliope*. Back over the angry waters and through the roaring winds came an answering British cheer and the *Calliope's* band played "The Star Spangled Banner."

As the Americans went down to death they saw the *Calliope* make beyond the danger point. The *Trenton's* band still played "Rule Britannia," and the *Calliope's* band answered with "The Star Spangled

Banner" as the *Trenton* succumbed to the hurricane and became a piteous wreck. In the American squadron forty-four lives were lost. The German toll of death was ninety-one. The terrible story is relieved from utter gloom by the memory of that brilliant beacon light of modern manhood—that unforgettable American version of the classic salutation, "We who are about to die salute you."

LETTER XXXII

BRADDOCK'S ROAD

YOU may recall that the first serious disappointment in George Washington's life was that his fond mother did not want him to be famous. He was her favorite child, and there was nothing of the Spartan mother about her. All through her life she struggled to keep him from the dangerous path of glory. When he was a boy of fourteen his ambition was to enter the British navy, and his brother Lawrence, a man of experience in the British naval service, was eager for him to do so. A midshipman's warrant was obtained for him and the boy's kit was already on a man-of-war lying in the Potomac, when his mother's consent was recalled. "Hitting the trail" after the cherry tree incident must have been a trifle compared to this disappointment, but he responded without a grumble. Note that. Put it in your pipe.

It is recorded, however, that she never succeeded again in staying his steps in that great career, although she always tried. When Captain Robert Orme (Coldstream Guards) of General Braddock's staff, wrote by the general's orders on the recommendation of Lord Fairfax, offering Washington an appointment on his staff, the brilliant opportunity offered him aroused only consternation in her. She hurried to Mount

Vernon and tried to prevent him from accepting it. He refused to be dissuaded, and went on that campaign from which he was to reap so much renown.

And so when we think that the first challenge from Governor Dinwiddie of Virginia, to the commander of the isolated French garrison near Lake Erie, was borne across the Allegheny Mountains by one George Washington, we must picture to ourselves, not George Washington the American but George Washington the British subject, a major in the Colonial militia, envoy of an English Governor of Virginia. He was twenty-one years old when selected by Governor Dinwiddie of that Colony to make the long journey through forests and over mountains to the western part of Pennsylvania, to find out what the French were doing along the upper waters of the Ohio to make good the assertion of the supremacy of France from the Saint Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, with an almost continuous water communication, as against the claims of our British ancestors. France claimed most of that country by right of exploration, and as early as 1749 she had warned off English traders who operated from settlements west of the Allegheny Mountains.

* * * *

It was in the winter of 1753 that Washington for the first time arrived at the "Forks" where is now Pittsburgh, and there selected a spot for a fort because of its command of the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers which unite there to form the Ohio. Here Washington obtained valuable and interesting information by personal observation and from reports. Through some deserters from a considerable French

expedition all the way up from New Orleans, he learned much about the posts along the Gulf of Mexico and the great rivers. From this point he led his small party to Venango, and thence to Fort La Boeuf, about fifteen miles south of one of the principal forts of the French on Lake Erie, near where is now Erie, Pennsylvania, and there he found the commandant of all the French forces, Legardeure de St. Pierre, a Knight of St. Louis. From him he received his answer which was very much to the point, that the French had come to stay and to continue erecting forts with which to hold the rivers from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. There was nothing then for Washington to do but retrace his steps east through the ice and snows and swollen rivers of December.

* * * *

Governor Dinwiddie, Lord Fairfax and their associates had acquired a controlling interest in the first company which had a royal grant of land between the Monongahela and Kanawha Rivers on condition of settling the territory. This included all of what is now Western Pennsylvania, and they became especially active in planning to seat a colony of families on that vast estate of half a million acres, and thereby confirm their title to it by occupation. And so an issue was forced, because the French claimed as theirs all the country drained by the Mississippi and its tributaries, thus including in that scope the very territory which the Dinwiddie Company now proposed to fill with English settlers.

* * * *

Washington several times visited the Ohio Valley. His second excursion was in command of a force

against the French in which he experienced his baptism of fire. There was, it is recorded, desperate and protracted fighting and heavy loss on both sides, and Washington was forced by heavy odds to capitulate his little Fort Necessity, but with all the honors of war. This occurred in 1754 and, oddly enough, on July 4th. Here did Washington learn the ways of war and thus was he trained in the uses of adversity.

What actually happened between Washington, and Jumonville the French commanding officer, at the headquarters of the Youghiogheny River on that day we cannot tell, and it will never be accurately known. The meeting in itself probably was an insignificant skirmish, and only recently a tablet has been placed there to mark the grave of Jumonville, but its results were far reaching and momentous. The strife that armed all the civilized world began here, and it was not a cannon shot that gave the signal but, as Voltaire said, "a volley from the hunting pieces of a few back-woodsmen commanded by a Virginia youth, George Washington."

The foundation of what is now Pittsburgh, that is to say its earliest beginning, was made by the agents of the Dinwiddie Company on the spot selected by Washington, but the first attempt they made to erect a storehouse and fort was cut short by the arrival of a stronger French force, and it was the commander of this force who, on the ground where the English had made a start, erected a fort and christened it by the name of Duquesne after the French Governor of Canada.

* * * *

When Washington awaited in Alexandria the arrival of General Braddock, he made his headquarters in the City Hall which still stands, the old brick walls blackened by time. Quite recently the Society of the Colonial Dames of Virginia, aided by kindred patriotic societies, have built a monument marking the point from which General Braddock and his force of British regulars and Virginia troops, with George Washington as aide de camp, departed on the expedition to Fort Duquesne.

* * * *

Braddock was a brave and experienced soldier. He knew the rules of war and the maxims which had been found applicable on the battle grounds of Europe, but had no capacity to grasp the changed conditions of warfare in the pathless forests of America. The campaign was planned to expel the French from Fort Duquesne, the great center of French influence on the Ohio, and also to wrest from them some portions of their Canadian territory.

The expedition left Alexandria on April 20, 1755, and it was not until July 9th that it was near the fort. There was yet no evidence of resistance. The army marched along a newly constructed road, twelve feet wide in a ravine, with high ground in front and on both sides. Suddenly the Indian warhoop burst from the woods. A murderous fire smote the troops. The provincials under Washington, not unused to this warfare, took cover sheltering themselves behind trees and fought with steady courage. Braddock, clinging to his old rules, strove to maintain his order of battle on the open ground. A grim carnage was the result, his helpless soldiers were shot down by an unseen foe.

Braddock fell mortally wounded, was carried off the field, died the following day and was buried as the shattered army retreated.

* * * *

The English foundation was completed three years later, viz. in 1758 by the success of the expedition under the command of General John Forbes; but the two prior expeditions, both of which were complete failures from a military standpoint, are of great interest in connection with what may not be inaptly referred to as Prehistoric Pittsburgh. It was here and at this time that the history of the Middle West practically began.

There can be no doubt that the failure, first of Washington's expedition—which penetrated as far as what is now known as Mount Braddock, Fayette County, and under pressure of the enemy capitulated at Fort Necessity—and of Braddock's larger expedition in 1755, merely delayed the change of the name of Fort Duquesne to Fort Pitt, the latter to be almost immediately changed to Pittsburgh. Forbes gave our city its name. Writing to Governor Denny of Pennsylvania on November 28th, 1758, a few days after the capture of Fort Duquesne, he said, "I have called the place Pittsburgh." In the early days the name was frequently spelt Pittsborough, and there is no doubt that Forbes so pronounced it just as we pronounce Edinburgh *Edinborough*. The historian Parkman says:

"If Forbes' achievement was not brilliant, its solid value was above price. It opened the great west to English enterprise, took from France half her savage allies and relieved the western borders from the scourge of Indian war. The frontier population had cause to bless the memory of the steadfast and all-enduring soldier."

* * * *

After the Braddock disaster a corps was organized among the North American colonists for the express purpose of meeting the tactics of the French and Indians accustomed to a warfare quite different to that of the European model. This corps was called the "62nd Loyal American Provincials," which title was altered in 1757 to the "60th Royal Americans," and was recruited in the Colonies of Maryland, New York and Pennsylvania. It played an important part under Forbes in the capture of Fort Duquesne and furnished its first garrison. The men originally raised included many Dutch and Swiss Protestants who were antagonistic to the French. They took the oath of allegiance and became naturalized British subjects. At this period the corps had four battalions; but two of them were twice reduced and again restored before 1788. In 1794, rifles being introduced into the British army, the 60th is said to have been the first to receive them. Your kinsman, the late Major J. H. Lawrence-Archer, spent many years of his life in this famous regiment. It is now known as the King's Royal Rifle Corps. It is an odd fact that most of our military terms are French and naval terms English.

* * * *

But disastrous as Braddock's defeat was, his progress from Virginia to Turtle Creek was marked by the construction of what is known to this day as Braddock's Road. Braddock's choice of route was a military blunder and he did not make it, for graft or "palm oil" even then was abroad in the land. Washington truly said, "There was vile management there." The choice of route was the most difficult of all the ways by which the English could meet the French.

A more northern line, via Carlisle through Pennsylvania, would have given a much better base of operations and greatly shortened the journey, and three years later it was chosen by Forbes; still the fact remains that Braddock's Road penetrated the wilderness in the form of a material structure and was the first attempt to create a permanent highway to this point.

* * * *

Colonel Harry Gordon of the Royal Engineers who, with Washington served on Braddock's staff, was the engineer who laid out and constructed Braddock's Road. Full justice is done Gordon in *Historic Highways* by Professor Archer B. Hulbert, and by our own Mr. Burd S. Patterson in his delightful romance, *The Head of Iron*. In Parkman's *History of the United States* Gordon's services are also recorded.

Professor Hulbert relates how Gordon was selected by Braddock to organize and direct a body of men consisting of Virginians, along with seamen from the naval detachment of the British fleet which formed part of the expedition, and that with this material he laid out and built the first road through the wilderness. It connected the East with the unknown West, and it has been well said that not even the Appia Via of Claudius, or the Roman roads of Great Britain are to be compared in value to Braddock's Road as a means of helping the development of a continent and the extension of civilization.

Professor Hulbert also relates that Gordon kept a diary or journal during the expedition, and that it is still preserved in the Royal Artillery Library at Woolwich, and it is the only detailed record we have of the

disaster of Turtle Creek. Colonel Gordon made elaborate notes of the progress of the expedition. They are written in the third person and he styles himself "the engineer."

Perhaps in these days of exchanging flags and historical records, arrangements sometime may be made by which this original record of such universal local interest might be transferred to the custody of the Carnegie Museum which surely, of all places, is the most fitting home for such a relic, so intimately relating to the earliest beginnings of our great city.

* * * *

In 1908 the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the arrival of the victorious army of General Forbes at Fort Duquesne was celebrated in Pittsburgh. The affair was managed by Mr. George W. Guthrie, then Mayor, now United States Ambassador to Japan, Mr. C. E. Childers, British Consul, Mr. H. D. W. English, a sort of civic Pooh-bah or "corp's brither"* and others, and they did remarkably well. The distinguished guests from England and Scotland were delighted, the weather was grand, and the processions on river and land were particularly fine, the historical incidents represented on the floats eliciting the most favorable comment. Funds were lavishly provided by popular subscription and they were wisely and capably expended. It was an occasion long to be remembered.

The downtown streets were profusely decorated with flags and bunting, but one important feature, under the circumstances, for some unknown reason, was missing, and after exhausting every effort in other

*Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character*.

directions (Chubbo* as usual being "too busy"), I addressed the following letter to the newspapers:

THE COURTESY OF COLORS

To the Editor of *The Gazette Times*:

Sir: In observing and admiring the beautiful decorations which our people are making all over the city, in honor of the sesqui-centennial, one is struck by the absence of any national emblem which would directly appeal to the eye and the heart of our distinguished guests as they ride along the streets on the day of the great parade. I have not seen an English flag, an Irish harp, or a Scottish lion. Is it to be supposed that if the situation were reversed and Mayor Guthrie and Mr. Childers and Mr. English, or any other of our distinguished and highly representative citizens, were official guests of—say the city of London, or Glasgow, or Dublin on a like happy occasion, that when they were driven along the streets they would not be greeted at every corner by the welcome and inspiring sight of the Stars and Stripes?

If we are celebrating anything at all, and paying honor to anything, it is to the memory of the men who, directly or indirectly, were conspicuous in the events which led up to Fort Pitt or Pittsburgh, and to their descendants—our guests. During their stay, therefore, there surely could be no impropriety, nor any offense to the most high-strung patriotism, in entwining with our own decorations, as a special mark of courtesy and respect, and exhibiting—however sparsely—the flags of England and Scotland.

If William Pitt, who gave almost his dying breath to the cause of American independence, and John Forbes, were to see our display and note that their flags were conspicuous only by their absence, they would be disappointed, and one can almost imagine Forbes looking sternly at Mayor Guthrie and exclaiming: "Hoot Geordie, hoot mahn, sic clamjamfray!"†

CONSISTENCY.

Pittsburgh, September 25, 1908.

*When Mr. Childers was a boy at Eton, this was his nickname.

†This word amused Senator Oliver and he asked for a definition. Sir Walter Scott used it but never defined it. That would be impossible.

It is needless to say that the oversight was promptly and most handsomely remedied.

* * * *

William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, was represented in the person of Miss Pitt-Taylor,* and we were all struck with the remarkable family resemblance she bore to her illustrious ancestor, as seen in the old engraving of him hanging in the drawing-room.

Major General John Forbes of Pittencrieff was represented by a collateral descendant, John Forbes, a man of intelligence but evidently now in humbler circumstances. The Pittencrieff estate long since passed out of possession of the Forbes family, and the last time the property changed hands was when Mr. Andrew Carnegie with characteristic generosity bought and presented it to his native town of Dunfermline to be used as a public park and recreation ground.

* * * *

Not the least interesting feature of the celebration was to us the loan exhibit of relics of different kinds connected with the men who participated in these stirring times, and their families, and a public request was made that anyone in the city and district who happened to possess anything of this nature would communicate with the secretary of the Carnegie Museum who officially undertook to be responsible for the arrangement and safe return of all articles accepted.

The result was a most creditable exhibit. Miss Pitt-Taylor sent in some magnificent pieces of the Pitt family plate and china, which she had brought from England.

I wrote accordingly to Mr. Stewart of the Museum, stating that there were several descendants of the

*Obiit 1915.

officer in command of the Engineer Corps of Braddock's army, Colonel Harry Gordon, living in Pittsburgh; that mamma is his great-great-granddaughter; that Dorothy and you are of the next generation; that among her heirlooms were a kerchief which belonged to Colonel Gordon's wife, a prayer-book, a tortoiseshell reticule, a pearl brooch* which belonged to Anne Gordon, his daughter, and a miniature of Anne Edgar,† Colonel Gordon's grand-daughter, the last being mamma's grandmother. These things were at once added to the collection.

Colonel Gordon belonged to the Gordons of Knock-espoch, Aberdeenshire, cadets of the ancient and historic Scottish House of Gordon. He died at Eastbourne, August 23, 1787.

*The tradition is that the lock of hair in this brooch is Prince Charlie's and that it came to Colonel Gordon through his kinsman, Lord Lewis Gordon, but no proof of this exists. Lewis was *out* in "the 45," and the only evidence, and it is merely presumptive, that he and Harry were even in communication after that time, is the signatures of Lewis cut out of letters and now in one of the old albums. If you had cast a shadow of doubt on any of these possibly mythical things in the presence of your great-grandmother, the majestic old dame would have had you flogged.

†The daughter of Alexander Edgar of Wedderlie, and of Osborne, Jamaica.

LETTER XXXIII

BRADDOCK'S ROAD

(Continued)

IN October, 1913, a ceremony of international interest was held in Fayette County near Uniontown at the last resting place of Major-General Edward Braddock. For one hundred and fifty-eight years the remains of this brave soldier had lain neglected and almost forgotten where he was buried on the retreat after the battle of the Monongahela, frequently referred to as the battle of Turtle Creek.

Some prominent citizens of Fayette County came together and formed the "Braddock Memorial Park Association." Funds were raised, twenty-four acres of land immediately surrounding the General's grave were purchased, and the work of transforming this ground into a park with laid out walks, a fountain and an imposing shaft of granite, was begun and completed, thus fittingly honoring the name of Braddock which has become indissolubly linked with the history and traditions of our own State and County.

The granite monument bears bronze memorial tablets furnished by the officers of the Coldstream Guards of the British Army in which regiment Braddock received his military training, saw much active service and rose to high rank. His father had also served with distinction in the Coldstreamers.

Before the appalling failure and defeat in battle which his own stubbornness brought upon him while grappling with the incomprehensible exigencies of Indian warfare, Braddock, in spite of some defects in character to which all humanity is prone, had been a distinguished soldier, having served at Fontenoy and Culloden.

A deputation of the Coldstream Guards was in attendance at the dedication of the park, and many distinguished men, including the British diplomatic and military representatives from Washington, and an officer representing the Governor General of Canada were present. Mr. Philander C. Knox and Lieutenant-General Sir A. E. Codrington were the principal speakers on the occasion.

* * * *

The day following the ceremonies of the dedication a dinner, at which I had the honor to be toastmaster, was given here under the auspices of the British Society and a number of prominent citizens participated, including the Bishop of the diocese; Dr. John A. Brashear, Colonel James M. Schoonmaker, Mr. William McConway, Mr. James I. Buchanan, and others. England, Canada and the United States were represented—the British Embassy at Washington by the Right Honorable Viscount Campden and by Colonel Moreton-Gage, military attache; the Coldstream Guards by Lieutenant-General Sir A. E. Codrington, Captain Phillips,* and Mr. Wavell-Paxton;† the Essex Regiment (old 44th Foot) by Captain Constable;‡ Canada by Colonel Winter of the Duke of

*Now Major Phillips. Invalided from France, September, 1914.

†Wounded in two places on 29th October, 1914, and taken prisoner.

‡Captain, afterwards Major Constable, gave his life for his country, and for the cause of our common civilization at the battle of Loos.

Connaught's staff; the consular service by Mr. Wilford Powell and Mr. Childers; the United States by Mr. Knox, Secretary of State in the Taft administration, and others. It was a happy occasion, and for many years I have willingly lent myself to such causes and such meetings, believing that they make for good-will in the best sense. No human being who does not know the United States of the early eighties can understand the extent of the changed, the happily changed sentiment and the better understanding between the countries.

When the tables were cleared after dinner and the President of the Society called the meeting to order, he introduced me as toastmaster in a neat speech, and gracefully expressed the regret of the members of the Society that you were not present on account of your being a direct descendant of an officer who prominently participated in the construction of Braddock's Road. After the usual loyal and patriotic toasts had been honored I spoke as follows:

Mr. President of the British Society, Honored Guests and Gentlemen:

You have heard the story of the Southern ducky who, directly after the funeral of his fourth wife, was asked by his former master how he was bearing this latest affliction which had smitten him.

"Well, Marse Tom," replied the experienced widower, "I jes' feel that I'se in the hands of an all-wise but *unscrupulous* Providence."

That is my situation, gentlemen, at this moment.

Mr. President, I congratulate your Society on this occasion. It is the hope of your fellow-workers that for years to come the members of your Society may continue

to find something fresh to do, and that their zeal and earnestness may know no weariness or abatement.

You know we in America are sometimes laughed at for bragging of the size of the country, for manifestly we did not make it; and we are sometimes thought ridiculous for saying it is so big.

I remember hearing Lord Coleridge, then Lord Chief Justice of England, when he visited this country some thirty odd years ago saying on an occasion like the present, that it was not the mere size of the country which struck him most—that size is a commonplace incident in the history of a nation. Athens, Rome, England, Holland—all these places and powers which have affected the destinies of mankind had but a little bit of the earth's surface to stand upon.

This is true; but after all are we so very ridiculous for saying that the country is so big? It is not at all ridiculous because we have conquered all of it. If it had *proved too big for us* we should have to be ashamed; it is because it has not proved too big that we may—always I trust with becoming modesty—be proud of its size. This Nation is a great beneficent giant with the strength of gods and the eyes of a child destined to do good that will bend the world in reverence, and let us forever remember that our progress and our *responsibility* as a Nation must be measured by the size of this country.

When the first English settlers came to Virginia and New England they were helpless as infants. When Colonel Harry Gordon of the Royal Engineers blazed a path for Braddock's Army from the Atlantic Seaboard to what is now our door, he had to conquer dense forests and rivers and mountains, and so we have continued to conquer the way from ocean to ocean. The *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad* of today follows Braddock's line from the seaboard to Pittsburgh. The

Pennsylvania Railroad follows the line of General Forbes' Army from Philadelphia to our doors. And thus we see that men—plain soldiers who had no thought for either commerce or civilization—got to the simple foundation of the hidden forces that made progress possible. We men of Pittsburgh may well honor the name of General Braddock and keep his memory green.

I am proud to join in doing honor to our guests—it is a great pleasure to be present on an occasion so historic—it makes us all feel as if we were historic figures ourselves. You, our fellow-countrymen, honor us—you honor the City of Pittsburgh and the State of Pennsylvania by honoring the undying name of General Braddock. Edward Braddock was born in Perthshire, and we in Western Pennsylvania claim all that is mortal of him as our own. But it has remained for you to visit us and formally mark his grave, and rescue it from almost total neglect.

Now that the people of Uniontown and the officers of the Coldstream Guards have so generously and gracefully performed what they conceived to be their duty to the memory of General Braddock, may I not venture to suggest at this time that we—the British-born residents of this district—might very well also conceive it to be our duty to kindle at their example, and dedicate at some point on or near the battlefield, a suitable monument to mark the place where moulders the dust of so many officers and men of the Royal Engineers, of the old 44th and 48th regiments and of the naval detachment, who died in the service of their country on Braddock's Field?

I am glad, Mr. President, that you have not assigned any particular toasts this evening. Indeed, on an occasion like this, there is but one to which any of us could speak. One sentiment would inevitably dominate all others—the sentiment of good-will between the English-speaking peoples of the world.

As you have in England, so have we our imperialists and anti-imperialists, although we give them a different name. Some of our good people are loud in their demand that we give up the Philippine Islands and Porto Rico because it was not right that we should hold dependencies. They say we should turn them over to Japan, or Germany or England. But I believe that the Philippines and Porto Rico are the business of the United States—whatever unwelcome responsibilities of protecting them it must assume, even as India and Egypt are the business of England. Our grape juice pacifists remind me of the young lady who was much given to dress and adornment and who experienced religion. When she was asked by some of her friends, who noticed how plainly she was garbed, what she had done with all her pretty things, she replied, "Oh, when I found my jewelry was dragging me down to hell, *I gave it to my sister.*"

Edgar Allan Poe said that the objects which stand plainly in view are oft-times the hardest to see. The same is true of principles. Many of us remember the time when Englishmen and the English press gloried in what was called the "splendid isolation of England."

We, too, in the United States have gloried in our splendid isolation. The oceans heretofore have been our protection and our bulwark. Vast changes have come over the face of the earth. We can no longer look upon the Atlantic and the Pacific as our guardians. Man has made the oceans, the continents and the air his servants, and the isolation of former generations is now impossible. We cannot live unto ourselves alone. No nation anywhere can live for itself. We must live and think in terms of the world. I am not a prophet, but I believe that the era of growing goodwill between this country and Great Britain has not come too soon. I believe that sooner or later it may be needed to save Anglo-Saxonism and all it stands

for in the history of civilization, from the fate that an industrialized and *kultured* Europe or a reawakened Orient may visit upon it.

I do not dream of a political union nor even a treaty-bound union; nothing of that kind is in the slightest degree necessary. Let us simply stand together in promoting the great common causes which are the causes of human civilization. This I believe we will continue to do, not because blood is thicker than water, for community of blood can never of itself be a sufficient guarantee of friendship between individuals or nations. It will be because ideals are stronger than blood. Among all the formative forces of civilization a common language should be the strongest. It is language that indexes mentality, and the mind is the cream and essence of humanity. Our best traditions are an inheritance from England; our laws and justice are the laws and justice of England.

I am possessed of a profound belief that it is for the highest interest of the two nations that they should forever cultivate the closest and the most friendly relations. Let us believe that the signs which we see of a closer and more intimate connection between them are not a mere temporary sentiment, but that they will continue to walk together hand in hand in the bonds of the most intimate friendship. Let us believe that the way of pleasantness between us is the way of wisdom, and that anything like variance is mere folly and madness. Let us remember that this understanding will injure no one; threaten no one. All its ends are peaceful and beneficent. A great Anglo-Saxon commonwealth embracing the British Empire and the United States would be the greatest instrument of peace and progress the world has ever seen. It would establish the peace, prosperity and security of the race for all time. And before Macaulay's fabled New Zealander takes his stand on a broken arch of London

bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's, let us believe it will come.*

It is a great pleasure to us to meet our guests this evening. We greet them as our kith and kin. We offer them the hand of welcoming friendship. The North Atlantic is no longer an estranging ocean.

There is so much we can offer you, our guests, and not the least is the great and festive American cocktail. You may have heard of the old darky servant who was an expert mixer of cocktails. A gentleman asked how he made them. He said, "Well, boss, I first puts in one-half of French Vermouth, one-half of ole Bourbon, one-half of—

"Stop there, you can't have more than two halves in anything."

"'Deed, boss," said the darky, "in dis yer cocktail dere's mor'n four or five halves of everything."

We hold no sentiment for you but that of brotherly love. This State of Pennsylvania was founded by William Penn, an apostle of brotherly love. I never saw the sentiment more beautifully exemplified than by the way in which Green of Philadelphia helped his friend Brown over a rather difficult place.

The Greens called at the home of the Browns. Brown, not expecting the call, was absent from the domestic camp.

"Oh, Mr. Green," remarked Mrs. Brown during the conversation, "I want to ask you something. I was looking through my husband's desk this afternoon and found some of the queerest tickets you ever saw. one was marked 'Mudhorse 8 to 1;' another was marked 'Eclipse 6 to 1,' and so on like that. What do you suppose they mean?"

"Oh, that's an easy one, Mrs. Brown," said Green, "your husband is probably making a study of archaeology."

* Note 1917, I thank God I have lived to see old animosities brushed aside, and to look upon the Stars and Stripes entwined with the Union Jack in the sacred cause of human liberty.

"Archaeology," said Mrs. Brown, "do you really think so? How very clever and interesting."

"Yes," said Green, "these queer-looking tickets are undoubtedly relics of a *lost race*."

The Coldstream Guards take their regimental name from the Scottish town of Coldstream whence General Monk and his Coldstreamers set out, on their historic march to London in 1650, for the purpose of placing Charles II on the throne of England. After the Restoration, the three* regiments which now form the Brigade of Foot Guards were assembled on Tower Hill to take the oath of allegiance to the King, and as a sign that they renounced all allegiance to the Commonwealth, they were ordered to ground their arms. This order having been obeyed, they were commanded to take them up again in the King's service, as the First, Second and Third Regiments of Foot Guards. The Coldstream Guards, as the second, with an instinct worthy of the Scottish name they had taken upon themselves, adopted the motto *Nulli Secundus*. The regiment is somewhat older than the Royal Scots Greys, (General Forbes' regiment) who, being Scottish, quite naturally also claim the motto "Second to none," by way of allusion to the number of the regiment as the 2nd Dragoons. So we see that even at this early period the annexation of the adjacent peninsula of England was being carried on by her northern neighbors.

Nulli Secundus. It is this splendid spirit of being second to none that has made the British Empire. It was this spirit which animated Captain Scott when the Antarctic cold was gripping his heart. It was this spirit which made the heroic Oates decline any longer to be a burden to his companions. Yellow perils and suffragettes, and German militarism and socialism are but sounding brass while England produces men

*A fourth regiment of Foot Guards was recently formed—the Irish Guards, and there ought to be a fifth regiment—the Welsh Guards.

like Scott and Oates. Representing as they did both services, England is secure and safe.

Gentlemen, I ask you to join me in bidding a hearty and royal welcome, and with all the warmth of British hearts, drinking a toast to Lieutenant-General Sir Alfred Codrington, to Captain Constable of the Essex Regiment—the old 44th Foot, and to Colonel Winter of the Canadian Military Staff, and coupled with their names, I give you the Coldstream Guards, the Essex Regiment, and the military organizations of Canada.

* * * *

Sir Alfred Codrington, Colonel Winter and Captain Constable spoke in reply.

* * * *

Then followed the toast of His Majesty's representatives in the United States, to which Viscount Campden and Mr. Wilfred Powell responded.

Other informal speaking followed, Mr. J. I. Buchanan, Mr. William McConway, Dr. John A. Brashear and Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker taking part.

* * * *

In giving the usual patriotic toasts, "The King" and "The President," the rule of the Pilgrim's Society was followed. At a dinner in London the President is toasted first, and in New York the King is given first.

LETTER XXXIV

THE SHORT HORN CLUB

THE Short Horn Club has a limited membership. There is no Board of Governors, no entrance fee, no annual subscription. Members are not elected, so application blanks have never been printed. To be bidden by the Chief Herdsman to dinner at Meadowbrook is sufficient. This constitutes life membership.

But occasionally our most potent, grave and reverend Chief Herdsman finds his children animated by a rebellious and insubordinate spirit. They appoint a grievance committee to wait upon him, and say that the whole body of assistant herdsman demand a return engagement—that they will brook no refusal. Our Chief, always first in peace (even as *his* Chief* has been first in war) pours oil upon the troubled waters and sets the date.

Then on with the dance. The many-sided, large-hearted and generous Chief Herdsman for the moment is dethroned as perpetual host, and finds himself a mere humble guest surrounded by dancing dervishes, yelling cowboys and “red necks” impossible to describe.

On such an occasion Mr. D. F. Crawford, acting as toastmaster, arose and said:

*Colonel J. M. Schoonmaker.



THE CHIEF HERDSMAN

"It now gives me great pleasure to present to you a valued and congenial member of the lodge, whose observations and experience fully qualify him to tell us many interesting details regarding an occupation which is honorable and remunerative, and recommended by many authorities, an occupation which to many railroad men seems next in attraction to the exacting yet pleasant requirements of the railway service.

"The Farmer' interests and provides work for most of us and food for all. I therefore ask our good friend Mr. William Gibson to tell us about him."

MR. GIBSON:

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:

Last Saturday when your committee were talking over certain details in connection with this dinner, one member would say, we can have Mr. So-and-So for such-a-thing; and another would say, yes, and we can have Mr. This-and-So for that. It all sounded fine to me—just like the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and being an optimist I was not concerned. The right kind of an optimist is the fellow who doesn't care what happens, so long as it happens to somebody else. I was called away to the telephone about that time and before my return two minutes later, I had been stung.

Some men enjoy a dinner more if they are going to speak after it—some less. It is all in the point of view. You know what is food for one man may be poison for another. During the Boer War a wounded Scottish soldier was carried in and placed in a hospital tent already filled with Englishmen. The surgeon saw that there was no hope for him, and the chaplain came in and asked the poor fellow if he had any last request to make. The soldier said "Yes, sir; if you will have a piper play one of the old martial airs of Scotland I will be at peace." The piper came and produced all the possibilities of the sweetest and most beautiful of all musical instruments. Now here is where the

point of view works. It is recorded that the Scotchman recovered, but six wounded tommies died of the music.

Mr. Toastmaster, I am delighted to be not only in, but of this party, and to have another opportunity to reaffirm my loyalty to the Short Horn Club, and to its hospitable president, the honor guest of this evening. If I comprehend, as I believe I do comprehend the spirit of this gathering, I know you will all agree with me that it is a meet and fitting thing for us to dine together. It is well that we should meet together socially, for such social intercourse is of all influences the most humanizing.

But there is a higher significance in this gathering than the mere question of enjoyment and good fellowship, and the desire to express regard and esteem for a companion and friend. We see in Mr. Turner not only a busy and strenuous and successful railroad man, but we also see in him one who has grasped a great problem—the problem of bringing the railroad and the farmer into more friendly touch one with the other. They have been apart too long. The farmer has not looked upon the railroad as his friend, and the railroad has paid and is paying a heavy bill in the shape of hostile, and too frequently I regret to say, most unfair and unrighteous legislation. There are no great questions open between the railroad and the farmer. All we need is a better understanding with the farmer, and we can get it by knowing him better.

We all like the farmer. He is a good man according to his lights. His weaknesses crop out occasionally in horse trades, and in assessing for the benefit of claim agents the value of stock which has been *crossed* by a locomotive, and in the urging of special legislation through his granges. We understand and expect all of these things, and we have no desire to criticise them or other harmless prerogatives of the farmer.

But we believe he is inclined to forget that the other side has an element of justice in it which should be weighed. We do not believe that he always fully realizes that the injury or interruption of one business injures and interrupts others, and that when a State Legislature makes new and experimental laws vitally affecting the operation of railroads it is making an assault on business in general. We do not believe that a State Legislature composed largely of farmers, take Indiana for example, is the best equipped body to decide how many loaded cars may be handled in a freight train, or whether the adoption of electric headlights is either desirable or economical or safe.

As I have said, we, representative as we are of railroad and manufacturing interests, are not sufficiently in touch with the farmer, and it is to our interest and his that we should understand each other better. Our friend Turner has caught the thought, and has shown us that with him the active principle of thought is action, and we all wish him success and God speed in the good work.

Farming may well be called remunerative. To speak of a poor farmer nowadays would be a contradiction in term.

A farmer from North Dakota who, appearing before a committee in Washington, admitted that he owned twelve thousand acres on which he can raise to exceed twenty bushels of wheat to the acre making an annual income, with wheat at \$1.00 a bushel, of something less than a quarter of a million dollars. Just think of this impoverished worshiper of Ceres! Why in Iowa, it is said, a number of banks have been forced out of business for lack of borrowers, and I am told that a recent Kansas cyclone carried pianos, motor cars, oil paintings and Persian rugs in its trail, while ten years ago the best a first-class cyclone could do was to pick up a few rag carpets, tomato cans and dog houses.

But substantial as is the income of this Dakota farmer, his yield of 20 bushels an acre is not flattering to our national vanity. Statistics published by the Department of Agriculture show that there are sixteen countries ahead of us in farming efficiency. Using the index figure 100 to indicate the average we show 108, contrasted for example with France 123, Canada 136, New Zealand 167, Germany 169, Great Britain 177, and Belgium 221.

One of the best national investments we have ever made is the agricultural schools in which young men are being taught to farm with higher efficiency, and I look for great results from them. It is not unlikely that in the course of a few years farming will become a profession, and when a man gets the degree of bachelor of agriculture, and then of master, he will rank in his profession with bachelors and masters of law in their profession. And the time will come when there will be Doctors of Agriculture.

Much has been said about the selfishness and greed of corporations and much of what has been said may be true. The great railroad systems of the West and South are doing some selfish work that should meet with the approval of the public, for while railroads are serving themselves they are at the same time serving the public. These roads are doing much to encourage the development of agriculture. They are doing what they can to increase the volume of the products of the soil. At the instance of the railroads there have been many industrial plants established in the South with the investment of millions of dollars. The men and women employed in these establishments have rendered it possible for the tillers of the soil to have a near-at-home market for products that before had been ignored.

Of course, the railroads had in mind the increase of freight, the increase of population and the increase

in travel, all of which mean to them increase of revenue. Call it selfishness if you will, and the element of selfishness was present, but it is a sort of selfishness that makes for national prosperity and brings good to all.

Mr. Toastmaster, I am not here tonight, sir, to issue any new blue prints, nor is it my mission to write a new book of rules, but perhaps I may be permitted to say without offense, that the average railroad and business man nowadays seems to keep himself altogether too busy. We are all prone to take ourselves too seriously. Life at the best is not a bed of roses. If you are successful, it is all roses and no bed. If you are unsuccessful, it is all bed and no roses. Yes, gentlemen, it is quite true that life, especially life on a railroad, or life trying to get anything *from* a railroad, is just one damn thing after another; but it is equally true, and it is a much more damaging—physically damaging—truth, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. I am a strong believer in the civilizing and equalizing and energizing influence of golf clubs, and of gatherings like the present, and I even find solace and amusement in a certain Satanic invention familiar to most members of this club, and in the use of which there is frequently shown a marvelous measure of skill by such elderly gentlemen as Old Bole and Al Fay. I allude to the dice box.

As I have just said, I am not issuing blue prints this evening, and seeing that after they had spliced the main brace a few times last Saturday night at the annual dinner of the Pennsylvania Society of New York, Simon Long and Postlethwaite fortified the Panama Canal, I need not enlarge upon that question, but I will say that the average railroad and business man too frequently overlooks another bet. I would suggest to him to reach on the upper shelf and take down his Bible and read and ponder the 23d verse of the fifth chapter of 1st Timothy. For the benefit of

any heathen present I will read it: "Drink no longer water, but take a little wine for thy stomach's sake, and thine often infirmities."

I will not quote medical testimony in support of this precious message from St. Paul, because doctors are like lawyers and almanacs, no two of them agree about anything; but I can point to the fact that the drinking nations have represented the conquering forces of modern times. The battle of Waterloo was won on Scotch whisky and home-brewed English ale, and I venture to say that before he led that brilliant and now historic calvary charge at the battle of Winchester, my friend Colonel Schoonmaker had taken no less than four fingers. And so, gentlemen, St. Paul in his letter to Timothy was right, and our devotion to his sane and righteous teachings should grow with the years.

An old friend of mine, the late Mr. D. B. Martin, manager of passenger traffic, *Baltimore and Ohio Railroad*, who served during the Civil War in Colonel Schoonmaker's regiment, and who always referred to his then youthful Colonel with the deepest respect and affection, told me a war story which I have never forgotten. A private soldier got very homesick on campaign and applied according to regulations to the Colonel for a furlough. "What do you want a furlough for?" the Colonel said. "What do I want a furlough for?" asked the soldier. "Well, Colonel, I ain't seen my wife for over three months." "Oh, that's nothing," said the Colonel. "I've been on constant duty since the first shot in the war was fired, and I haven't been home for more than three years." "Well," said the soldier, "that's all right, Colonel, but me and my wife ain't that kind."

I happened to be in Schumaker's with my old friend the late Colonel Minitree of the *Southern*

Railway, one afternoon during the International Railway Congress in Washington in 1905. Schumaker's, I may explain, is a famous old thirst parlor. Another Colonel came in while Minitree and I were busy saving each other's life, and the usual introduction followed. The last Colonel said, "How did you enjoy the banquet last night, Colonel?" "Very much, sir, very much." "What sort of a speech did Colonel Culpepper make?" "Not bad, sir, not bad; you see we only allowed the Colonel two minutes."

Gentlemen, I have used my two minutes.

* * * *

On the pages following are given a reproduction of the Menu and Toast List of a Short Horn Club dinner.

LETTERS TO MY SON

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste?

—*Milton to Mr. Lawrence.*

Fill all the glasses, there, for why
Should every creature drink but I?
Why, man of morals, tell me why?

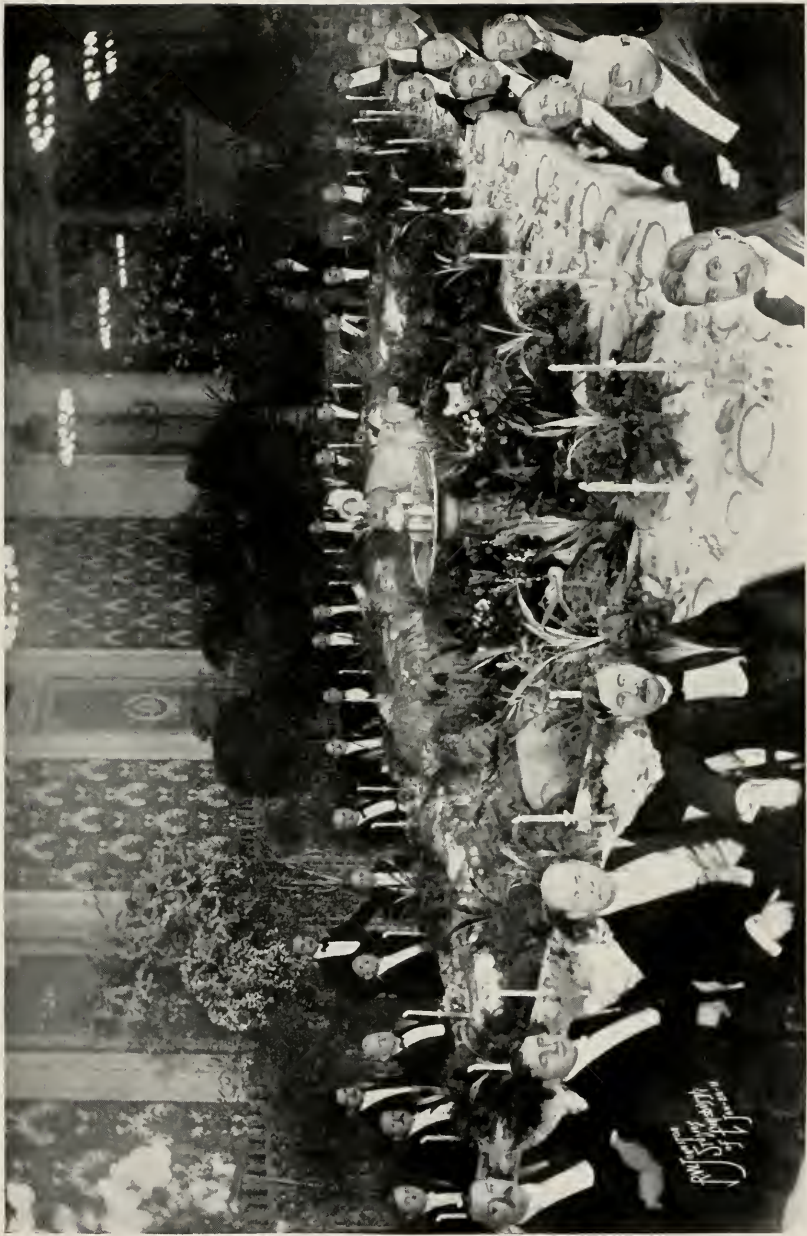
—*Cowley (from Anacreon.)*

L. H. TURNER

CHIEF HERDSMAN.

ROBERT A. BOLE,	R. M. LONG,
DR. H. G. BRIGGS,	D. R. MCBAIN,
W. HARRY BROWN,	C. A. MAHER,
D. W. BOWMAN,	HENRY W. McMASTER,
CLYDE CAMPBELL,	D. C. MOON,
W. H. CANNIFF,	WYN B. MORRIS,
E. K. CONNEELY,	FRANK MOORE,
THEODORE COOK,	J. B. NESSLE,
D. F. CRAWFORD,	G. B. OBEY,
J. F. DEEMS,	F. A. OGDEN,
REV. W. P. DUNLEA,	R. L. O'DONNELL,
HON. CHAS. FILLIUS,	C. E. POSTLETHWAITE,
A. N. FAY,	O. S. PULLIAM,
J. J. FLANNERY,	L. A. ROBISON,
J. M. FITZGERALD,	JNO. G. ROBINSON,
J. M. GILLESPIE,	J. B. RIDER,
WILLIAM GIBSON,	D. J. REDDING,
CHAS. J. GRAHAM,	J. W. RILEY,
J. M. HANSEN,	JOSEPH T. SPEER,
DR. D. E. HOOVER,	COL. J. M. SCHOONMAKER,
F. N. HOFFSTOT,	W. A. TERRY,
A. L. HUMPHREV,	J. F. TOWNSEND,
JAS. A. HENDERSON,	R. H. TURNER,
STEWART JOHNSON,	D. A. WIGHTMAN,
C. H. KOONES,	W. HARRY WILLIAMS,
W. STILES KOONES,	HARRY R. WILLIAMS,
FRANK J. LANAHAN,	W. R. WOODFORD,
C. A. LINDSTROM,	J. B. YOHE.
S. C. LONG,	

Birds of a feather will gather together.—*Burton. Subject 2.*



THE SHORT HORN CLUB

Instrumental Program

The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils,
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus.
Let no such man be trusted.

—*The Merchant of Venice. Act V. Scene 1.*

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1.—OVERTURE | "Short Horn Rag" |
| 2.—SELECTION | "Meadowbrook Dinner Bell" |
| 3.—VOCAL | "Everybody's Doin' It" |
| 4.—WALTZ | "Chain of Daisies" |
| 5.—SONG | "Oh, You Beautiful Doll" |
| 6.—MEDLEY | "Dixie Land" |
| 7.—POTPOURRI | "Madame Sherry" |
| 8.—FINALE | "Auld Lang Syne" |

Let the singing singers
With vocal voices, most vociferous,
In sweet vociferation out vociferize,
Even sound itself.

—*Henry Carey.*

Tonight, grave Sir, both my poor house and I!
Do equally desire your company;
Not that we think us worthy such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast.

—Ben Johnson.

Grace

I hate nobody, I am in charity with the world.

—Jonathan Swift.

REV. W. P. DUNLEA.

Menu

Martini

Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.—*Alexander's Feast.*

Cotuits

It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that
have not an "R" in their name to eat an oyster.

—*Dyett's Dry Dinner. 1699.*

Green Turtle

Civilized man cannot live without cooks.—*Owen Meredith.*

Old Sherry

I love everything that's old—old friends, old names, old
books,—old wine.—*She Stoops to Conquer. Act I.*

Rock Bass

Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea,
Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little
ones.—*Pericles. Act II. Scene I.*

Sauterne

Your dinner must lack two things,—bread and water.
—*Ouida (Wanda.)*

Ris de Veau

Cookery is become an art, a noble science; cooks are
gentlemen.—*Burton, Subject 2.*

THE SHORT HORN CLUB

Sorbet

I belong to the Sect Epicurean.

—*Christopher North. Noctes.*

Poulet Roti

What is now the opinion of Pythagoras concerning
wild fowl?—*Twelfth Night. Act IV. Scene 2.*

Pol Roger, 1898

Come, thou monarch of the vine

Plumpy Bacchus with pink eyne!

Antony and Cleopatra. Act II. Scene 5.

Salad

Let the caterer mind the taste of each guest,
And the cook in his dressing, comply with their wishes.

—*Ben Johnson.*

Fromage

Fate cannot harm me. I have dined today.

—*Sydney Smith.*

Qoffee, Cigars

Thy clouds all other clouds dispel,
And wrap me in delight.

—*Charles Sprague.*

Liqueurs

Fill me, boys, as deep a draught
As e'er was filled, as e'er was quaffed.

—*Tom Moore.*

And now a feast of reason.—*Pope.*

No simple word

That shall be uttered at our mirthful board
Shall make us sad next morning, nor affright
The liberty that we'll enjoy tonight.

—*Ben Johnson.*

Which I wish to remark,—

And my language is *vain*,—

That for ways that are dark

And for tricks that are *plain*,—

The Epsilon Xsi is peculiar.

—*Bret Harte (improved.)*

LETTERS TO MY SON

Good company and quiet discourse are the very
sinews of virtue.

The Compleat Angler, Part 1, Chapter 2.

Toast List

Oh! give me commentators plain
Who with no deep researches vex the brain.

GEORGE CRABB.

Introductory

I AM SIR ORACLE

And when I open my lips, let no dog bark!

Merchant of Venice, Act I, Scene 1.

THE TOASTMASTER.

Executive

When a man assumes an Executive Office,
he should consider himself public property.

Thomas Jefferson.

COLONEL SCHOONMAKER.

Motive Power

MECHANIC SLAVES.

With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers.

Antony and Cleopatra, Act V, Scene 2.

MR. CRAWFORD.

Traffic

When in doubt, take the *traffic*.

Hoyle. Rule 12 (Amended)

MR. TERRY.

Transporation

I'll put a girdle about the earth

In forty minutes.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Scene 1

MR. MOON.

Construction and Maintenance

Which of you, intending to build a tower,
sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost,
whether he have sufficient to finish it.

Luke XIV, Verse 28.

MR. O'DONNEL.

THE SHORT HORN CLUB

Manufacturing

My father was mighty Vulcan,
I am Smith of the land and sea,
The cunning spirit of Tubal Cain
Came with my marrow to me.
I think great thoughts strong winged with steel,
I coin vast Iron acts,
And weld the impalpable dreams of seers
Into utile lyric facts.

John Realf.

MR. LANAHAN.

Law

Let us consider the reason of the case,
For nothing is law that is not reason.

Sir John Powell.

JUDGE FILLIUS.

The Paymaster

What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine.

Measure for Measure. Act V, Scene 1.

MR. TURNER.

The Host of Meadowbrook

This man makes no noise over a good deed,
but passes on to another as a vine to bear
grapes again in season.

Marcus Aurelius.

MR. HUMPHREY.

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

A Midsummer Night's Dream. Act I, Scene 1.

But soft! methinks I scent the morning air.

Hamlet. Act I, Scene 5.

Let the air strike our tune

Whilst we show reverence to yond peeping moon.

Middleton. The Witch. Act V, Scene 2.

LETTER XXXV

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE PENNANT

FOR many years in the National Baseball League there has existed a strong and healthy rivalry between the New York and Pittsburgh Clubs, and this rivalry had been the subject of much good-humored banter between the New York and Pittsburgh men who make the Brighton Hotel at Atlantic City their headquarters during the annual railroad conventions of the Master Car Builders' and Master Mechanics' Associations, which have been held there regularly for quite a number of years.

When the position of the clubs is anything like an even break at the time of these meetings, a bet is usually made as to which one will have the higher standing at the close of the season, Mr. D. M. Brady acting for New York, and Mr. R. A. Bole, Mr. Frank Moore, Mr. D. F. Crawford, and Mr. S. P. Bush of Columbus, Ohio, taking the Pittsburgh end. The stake is always the same—a dinner at Delmonico's some time during the winter, the winning side inviting the guests, and the losers signing the check.

In the summer of 1911 Mr. Brady announced that he would like to be allowed to *give* the dinner that year in order to celebrate with the baseball dinner the



THE BASEBALL DINNER

fortieth anniversary—1871–1911—of his entering the service of the *New York Central Railroad*—a dual celebration.

It was a goodly company which sat down, and it included among other distinguished men Senator Chauncey M. Depew; my old friend and chief, Mr. F. D. Underwood; Mr. A. H. Smith, of the *New York Central Lines*; United States Senator George T. Oliver; Mr. John Montgomery Ward, of baseball fame; Mr. Geo. Gaither, representing Governor Tener of Pennsylvania; Mr. Job E. Hedges, of the New York bar, and others of high degree.

Whenever a few of us gather together for social purposes there is sure to be speech making, and some men I know appear to be uncomfortable unless they get a chance to make speeches at each other. So it was no surprise to anyone when, after the cigars were going, Mr. Brady, in the role of toastmaster, rose and welcomed his guests, more especially referring in the most gracious and heartfelt manner to the friendship with which Senator Depew had honored him for so many years, and gave some pleasant reminiscences of his young days in the offices at Grand Central Station.

Senator Depew followed and spoke—as only he can, for he is among the best after-dinner speakers in the country, of Dan Brady and his career as boy and man. He dwelt also on New York, Greater New York and its marvellous development, a growth with which he had been in constant touch for more than fifty years.

* * * *

I was afterward called upon to speak for the Pittsburgh “Fans” and responded as follows:

When I come back to this annual New York-Pittsburgh Baseball Reunion, made this year especially brilliant and significant by the gracious and splendid hospitality of Mr. Brady—and marking, as it does, his now *great age*—I am reminded of the court officer at the Limerick Assizes. He looked over the jury after they had been selected and said:

“Gintilmin, ye’ll take yer accustomed places if ye plaze,” and I’m a son of a gun if they didn’t all walk straight into the prisoner’s dock!

Now that’s just like us. When this Pittsburgh bunch get into a baseball argument with Dan Brady, we usually get into the same place.

The New York Nationals beat Pittsburgh, and we have no grievance on “adverse breaks” or “bad umpiring.” We accept the misfortunes and failures of our team with good grace and with true Christian resignation. We were squarely beaten. But it has served a good purpose. It has proved something. We Pittsburgh folk can now help out on an old and hitherto unsettled question. We now argue that there must be a hell, otherwise there would be no suitable place to which to consign New York.

We were beginning to feel that we were between the devil and the deep sea. We were like the section hand when the walking delegate told him to strike, and the old woman grabbed the frying pan and told him to keep on working. So this club of yours has kept us guessing all summer, but before the leaves began to fall we *stopped guessing*. To be frank, and take you into our confidence, in order to even up with you we were compelled to look for outside help. The necessity of saving one’s face has always been a cardinal point in high diplomacy and also in high-class sport. And so there happened along a certain Irish Quaker—one Connie Mack.

Let that soak in.

And with him a fellow conspirator, bearing a name which John Bunyan might have conjured with—"Home Run Baker," a product of the eastern shore of Maryland.

Let that soak in.

Now there, gentlemen, you will note one essential difference between the New York and the Pittsburgh National League ball teams. When our team gets into the finals, what do *they* do with the opportunity?

Ask Detroit.

And thus we see that the rock of adversity sometimes has a little rye on the side.

But even if Pittsburgh does lose a pennant or two, and even if the luck does break against New York in the post-series, one soul has animated these reunions, and that soul is the soul of baseball. Every year the game advances in true sportsmanship. It adapts itself more and more to the standards of fair play. Its success and its very existence as our National sport depend upon its doing so, for the people make the standard in baseball as they must in public life. I do not believe it is too much to say that the high sense of fair play, as manifested by fandom, is a reflex of the character and standard of American business.

We are an intense people. We want to handle our own business in a clean-cut, prompt and straightforward manner, and we subconsciously demand that our National Game should be purveyed on the same lines, and I believe it is. We all enjoy the open air of a summer afternoon, and we want to look at a game which is as wholesome and clean as the air we breathe.

And gentlemen, there is one more thought in connection with baseball. It furnishes a concrete illustration of the need of subordinating self. In playing the game there is no such thing as a lone hand.

There is no such thing as one-man power. Selfishness is out of the question. What counts is organization—team work. And the thought I speak of is that no great result in business or railroad operation is solitary.

Speaking for the losers to the winners of the last National pennant, I bring you this message. Long may we all continue to whoop and yell and grow young again in the sunshine of clean and glorious sport. The whooping and yelling is a part of the divine energy of man. It gives us the opportunity to be as loud and unrepressed as we want to be, without being laughed at. It helps us to keep young. It makes old age wait impatiently at our door. There is no scrap heap for us—yet. May the best team win the National pennant of 1912.

We Pittsburgh people believe, with my friend and neighbor Senator Oliver, and like St. Paul the Apostle, that we are citizens of no mean city. The Duquesne Club is still open. The thirst emporium is working a full stroke. Come and see us. And if you cannot all come, send Dan Brady. We will meet him at Union Station. We will meet him with a ten-day card in one hand, and in the other a fountain pen and a dice box. That is a true Duquesne Club invitation.

Our club is not like any other. George Augustus Sala's definition of a club—a weapon used by savages to keep the white women at a distance—does not apply to us. We are an unusually well-conducted lot. The ladies with us, and God bless them, on their own side, share the rights and privileges of their lords. Our club may not be the oldest or the biggest on earth, but it is in a class by itself nevertheless. A welcome to it is always a *hearty welcome*.

True we are different—perhaps too widely different from the club of which this story is told: A new

member of a famous London club, hurrying into the hall, stepped on the foot of a fellow member:

"My dear Sir," said the distressed new member, "I am overwhelmed with shame."

The injured member pulled himself together, wiped his eyes and said:

"No, no. You haven't hurt me at all. Sit down here, my good, kind fellow. Sit down here. Forgive my emotion. I have been a member of this club for thirty years, and you are the *first other member who has spoken to me.*"

Pittsburgh was founded by real Scotsmen and by *near Scotsmen* and the form of our invitation notwithstanding, you will find, after you come and see us, and penetrate the dense clouds of long-delayed black smoke which now by the grace of God are slowly returning, that there still lingers among us a full and lively sense of what a celebrated Scottish clergyman described as the "*vera hicht o' hospeetality.*"

The harp of old Erin rampant, charged on the National pennant, may float this year over the Polo grounds, but our optimistic Baseball King, Barney Dreyfuss, assures me that next season he will lead us into the baseball New Jerusalem, If we fail to climb the golden pennant stairs, our word for it, gentlemen, we will consider it a great privilege and a great pleasure to resume *paying alimony* to New York.

The year of our Lord 1871 marks a period in the life of our genial and aged but ever youthful host, and in speaking for Pittsburgh on this unique and delightful occasion, it may not be inappropriate to tell you that the same year marks my introduction, not to Pittsburgh, but to the name of Pittsburgh, and to the name of one who has done much to make Pittsburgh great. In 1871 I was a schoolboy and I well remember hearing my elders speak of a young American engineer

then visiting Scotland. He had fashioned a marvellous invention then being introduced on Scottish railways—a strange device which, as if by magic, or by some subtle and black and Satanic craft, was said to make rushing trains stand still. It is a matter of great regret to me, as I am sure it is to our host and to every member of his party, that this distinguished gentleman—this creative genius, who is still—and long may he be preserved to Pittsburgh and the world, is not with us tonight; a gentleman, the mere mention of whose name, in such a gathering as this, is sufficient to evoke a manifestation of respect and of affectionate and heartfelt appreciation. I refer to Mr. George Westinghouse.

* * * *

Another pleasant feature of these meetings at Atlantic City is the custom among a few friends of holding an annual reunion, and by common consent, or rather by mere chance, these reunions have been most exclusive, for the reason that the party is almost the same year after year, the only variation being when the ladies honor the occasion by their presence. I have just used the word *exclusive*, but quite incorrectly. The grim joke about exclusiveness is that too often it is not a valuable thing except to persons justly doubtful of their own merits. The strong, the real man is not worrying about the opinion others hold of him. He is quite content to let his life speak for itself.

There is always some difficulty in selecting an evening to suit the greatest number. It is never easy to find a set of busy men all disengaged on a given night. To get a chance to speak to your nearest friend, even though living in the same hotel during that convention, is almost as hopeless as trying to find a

needle in a bale of hay. On one occasion it fell to me to gather the clan, and I, therefore, commenced early and took the chance of setting an evening and writing to everyone ahead. It turned out a great success.

The following letter written on that occasion will convey to you the spirit of goodwill and good-fellowship which makes that reunion the very simple and unpretentious affair it has always been, and I therefore quote it:

June 5, 1912

My dear Mr. Gibbs:

It has been decided by us, "we the people of England,"—without a blush upon our damask cheeks that Thursday evening, the 13th inst., shall be set apart, and following the custom of former years which we have providentially survived, dedicated to Epicurus, and in the most mild and delicate manner to the other gods Bacchus and Tobaccus.

Clinging to precedent the Brighton will be the place, and the time seven hours of the clock.

Should you be in Atlantic City on that day and at that time we bid you again to our groaning board, and peradventure should Mrs. Gibbs and Miss Gibbs be with you, we beg that they will grace it with their presence. Your will be done, but God send it may be the same as ours.

This little annual gathering has been to us more than a mere matter of beefsteak pies. We have met and we have discussed all subjects from Halley's comet to the foreign policy of the government of Peru—to the unquestioned advantage of both comet and policy, and each occasion has left behind it a pleasant recollection.

I send you on my own behalf all good wishes, and all the benefits of an old sinner's prayers.

Yours very sincerely,

A. W. GIBBS, Esq.

WILLIAM GIBSON

LETTER XXXVI

L'ENVOI

WE can only expect to pass through this world once. One of the curious experiences in it is known as "falling in love." Love is a journey into a new country. In the company of another human being we appear to have had an accident. It is as if walking on the shore of life beside the sea of love, he and she decided to jump in and get the exhilaration of the great change; so in they go—they have fallen in love and felt the vast heave of its tide, the tonic of its waves and perhaps the danger of its undertow.

Some day you will be choosing a wife. You probably think you will. But that is not at all what is likely to happen. *The girl will be choosing you*, as is usually the case ninety and nine times in a hundred.

Probably about the most fatal blunder that anybody can perpetrate is a stupid marriage; and, moreover, of all blunders this is the commonest. Men as a rule are a pack of fools so far as matrimony is concerned. Of course no man can be married against his will, but many husbands are morally certain that they were married against their better judgment. In affairs of the heart many men do not know the difference between sweetness and weakness in women, and many women

do not know the difference between strength in men and wilfulness and brutality. The doll and the man-on-horseback are traditional mates. Many sacred traditions and institutions are as much misunderstood as the vermiform appendix.

* * * *

Just the same the salvation of the race is in the fact that good women, happily for us, are frequently by a kind dispensation of Providence bold enough to throw themselves away, and thus so many men are saved. When you were a kiddy you asked mamma, "What does getting married mean?" and she, like the true genius she is, said, "Well—I married your father." For true diplomacy that answer could only be equalled by the man who remembered the lady's birthday, but forgot her age.

And you immediately said, "Well—what were you such a fool as to do that for?"

You will note that I was a mere incident in the case to both of you. As Burns says in *Tam O'Shanter*: "Each man and mother's son take heed."

I was the one who was married.

These are sober truths; but if in the mercy of Heaven you should by any rare and altogether improbable chance have the slightest voice in the momentous selection, I commend for your careful consideration the following letter found in an old trunk in New Hampshire, and bearing the date of November twenty-first,* 1863. It said:

"Dear Bill: Allow me to give you some directions how to tell a good wife. She will be like three things:

*Oddly enough November twenty-first happens to be your birthday. I trust it is a good omen.

She will be like a snail; and she will not be like a snail who carries all it has on its back. She will be like an echo that speaks when spoken to; and she will not be like an echo which always has the last word. She will be like the town clock that speaks at the right time; and she will not be like the town clock heard all over town.

Your

UNCLE JOHN."

I have no idea to whom this letter was written nor by whom, but it seems to me that it gives in a remarkable way the atmosphere of those times—departed days! Perhaps it might not be a bad idea to take a chance on a deaf and dumb wife. Life is a long journey, and going through it we cannot retrace our steps, nor even reconsider our choice. The considering must be done before we choose.

* * * *

Peradventure you may have even a "still, small voice"* in the selection and the margin be narrow, and if one be rich and the other poor, grab the poor one. Love for money is a miserable pretense of affection and can only lead to discontent, distrust and disgust. Be a man. Don't, *whatever you do*, be anybody's daughter's husband. By the same token if you go into politics wear no collar. Never be a pasteboard king. Be yourself. Remember mamma and Dorothy, and if your choice only remotely resembles them, and you cannot hope for anything better than a remote resemblance, smite her with your club on the instant and bear her to your cave. That was the old way.

The modern way, I believe, after she has given you a hundred pointers in as many subtle and insinuating and indefinable ways that you are hers, is to

*I Kings XIX:12.

select the occasion, then when you are seated in her drawing-room, you on one side of the room and she on the other, just hitch your chair toward her and she will hitch toward you until you cannot get any hitcher. Then say, "Wilt thou?" and she wilt every time. Stand up to your full height. Man achieved his humanity when he first stood upright. Take no chances of getting "housemaid's knee." If a fellow does not know how to make love it is not an arduous task for the up-to-date girl to teach him. But even at that she will have little on her mother and grandmother.

* * * *

Many women love rhetoric better than logic and color better than philosophy. This is the type who would chase her husband out of the house and then burst into tears because he left without kissing her good-bye.

* * * *

There is another type. Why, there are a million types.

"Pardon me if I am intruding, madame," politely remarked the politician to a large, angular woman who answered his call, "but if possible I would like to see Mr. Voter."

"Mr. Voter is not here at present," answered the large woman, "and he may not be until late tonight. Will you leave a message?"

"I think I will call again," responded the politician, "I am anxious to know what party he belongs to."

"You don't have to go to the trouble of calling again to get that information," coldly said the woman

in a decisive voice, "*I am the party he belongs to.*" And yet a blind world calls men the sterner sex.

* * * *

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warm, to comfort, and command."*

* * * *

Mr. Voter might very appropriately have turned to his Milton, and joined hands with Adam in his lament when things began to go wrong in the "happy garden."

Oh, why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on Earth, this fair defect
Of Nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine;
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen.
And more that shall befall—innumerable
Disturbances on Earth through female snares
And straight conjunction with this sex.

Paradise Lost, X, 888-98

It was Lord Beaconsfield who remarked: "Marriage? I respect the institution. I have always thought that every woman should marry—and no man."

* * * *

You know what the old darky servant told his young master whose marriage was approaching—"Remember Marse Henry, dat the mos' pisenesest snakes has got the mos' prettiest skins!"

Avoid the society butterfly cut low fore and aft—half nude of body and wholly nude of mind. Full many a lemon is picked in the garden of love. Better marry a milk-maid. Too many mothers place their daughters on the social auction block and knock them

* Wordsworth.

down to the highest bidder. Cling to your own type. Keep your own people in mind. Remember your traditions. Remember your gentle training. Keep in mind the value of the domestic virtues. Good cooking is the short cut to the happy household. Only Balzac could have remarked that a good cook must learn about food what every sensible woman learns about love—how to utilize the cold remains. No girl should be allowed to enter into the holy state of matrimony unless she has a certificate that she can boil a potato and darn a stocking.

Remember there is no place like home. Don't wait to think of it until two o'clock in the morning, when you've exhausted the pleasures of all the other places that you've tried, and everything is shut up anyway. You can buy a house but a home must be made, and to make a home you must stay home once in a while. Home is an essence—a house not made with hands. A club may be a monastery for hundreds, but a home is not a harem for one.

* * * *

Beware of nagging. Have all the rows you want to and be done with them. Nagging is only carrying forward the bad debts of life and presenting the bill, not with the idea of exacting payment, but with the idea of annoying the recipient. In short if you want to be happy, never talk back to your wife when she starts to argue with you; she'll be the boss around the house and there's no use combating her. It used to be that men *thought* they were the bosses. It is well they have rid themselves of that delusion. Visitors to these shores say that we are a boastful people. This

is an incorrect impression. Not one man in a thousand thinks of himself as quite one hundred-millionth of the grand total. He is personally modest due to the phenomenal and excellent regulation in which we are held by women folk who are the real bosses. All this fuss over the suffragette problem is nonsense. No change will be brought about by giving women the vote, because they are already in full control of the situation. When your wife insists on quarreling, just let her talk. Don't under any circumstance try to answer. Just let on you don't hear her, or if that is impossible, pick up your hat and take a walk. Husbands might as well acknowledge that the women are the bosses and accept the situation as it is.

* * * *

"My, my!" exclaimed Mrs. Gabb, "here's a story in this paper about a married couple who lived together for twenty-two years without speaking."

"Some dern fools have all the luck," growled Mr. Gabb.

* * * *

Perhaps I have written too much, perhaps repeatedly written many words where few would have been ample. But I am not an artist; an artist is known by what he omits.

I cannot better close these rambling letters than by quoting the last sentence of Lord Rossmore's most charming book, *Things I Can Tell*: "Fear God and obey the laws of your country, but never become a prig or a humbug."





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